

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIV. }

No. 2444.— May 2, 1891.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXIX.

CONTENTS.

I. THE INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY ON LITERATURE,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	259
II. EIGHT DAYS. Part XV.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	267
III. AN IRISH LANDLORD,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	278
IV. JOHN WESLEY,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	289
V. MY WITCHES' CALDRON. Part II.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	295
VI. ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMADS IN RUGGED CILICIA,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	298
VII. SARK,	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i>	308
VIII. WINTER IN KIEFF,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	314
IX. MILITARY TACTICS OF ANIMALS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	317
X. A YOUNG WIFE,	<i>Graphic,</i>	319

POETRY.

THE FORGE BY THE FOREST,	258	"GOD SENT A POET TO REFORM HIS EARTH,"	258
"I KNOW WHAT BEAUTY IS, FOR THOU,"	258		
A PORTRAIT,	258		

MISCELLANY,	320
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

THE FORGE BY THE FOREST.

It stands half hidden in the greenwood's edge,
Its music greets the dawn that glimmers white,

Before the sunbeams chase away the night,
Or the first warbler twitters in the sedge;
All day the anvil rings beneath the sledge,
The forge-fires roar, and gleam with ruddy light

Till crimson sunset crowns the distant height,
And all its fringes fade along the ledge.

Then, though the whispering leaves above it bend,

And night-birds call, and moonbeams round it play,

The voices of the smithy die away;
When in the dusk the evening dews descend
In silent slumber all its labors end—

Its music mute, its ashes cold and grey.
Chambers' Journal. J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

I KNOW what beauty is, for Thou
Hast set the world within my heart;
Of me Thou madest it a part;
I never loved it more than now.

I know the Sabbath afternoons;
The light asleep upon the graves;
Against the sky the poplar waves;
The river murmurs organ tunes.

I know the spring with bud and bell;
The hush in summer woods at night;
Autumn, when leaves let in more light;
Fantastic winter's lovely spell.

I know the rapture music gives,
The power that dwells in ordered tones;
Dream-muffled voice, it loves and moans,
And half alive, comes in and lives.

The charm of verse, where love-allied,
Music and thought, in concord high,
Show many a glory sailing by,
Borne on the Godhead's living tide;

And beauty's regnant all I know;
The imperial head, the starry eye;
The fettered fount of harmony,
That makes the woman radiant go.

But I leave all, thou man of woe!
Put off my shoes and come to thee,
Most beautiful of all I see,
Most wonderful of all I know.

As child forsakes his favorite toy,
His sister's sport, his wild bird's nest;
And, climbing to his mother's breast,
Enjoys yet more his former joy—

I lose to find. On white-robed bride
Fair jewels fairest light afford;
So, gathered round thy glory, Lord,
All glory else is glorified.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A PORTRAIT.

THE clock strikes one, and he is here;
See, as he comes he wears a smile;
He takes his own accustomed chair,
And nods gay greetings all the while.
I know his friends: they are not fast,
But neither are they old nor portly,
Although the youth of each is past,
And some must take to glasses shortly.

They shout his name, and bid him sit—
Unnoticed leave the knife and fork:
They like their luncheon served with wit;
They know that humor haunts his talk.
He chaffs a friend who is no dunce—
Good-natured always is his banter;
He caps each argument at once,
And, with a laugh, wins in a canter.

While many fly to work anew,
A few will stay and have their smoke.
A tale is told; he tells one too,
Which, like his others, has its joke.
The day glides on, he comes again;
Two hours his hat and coat he'll doff:
He plays for fun, but likes to gain.
He has his whist, and then goes off.

A lumb'ring cab, a sorry steed,
His umbrella found, "Good-night,"
He cries, though 'tis to one, indeed,
Whose name he never fixes quite.
He has his foibles—quite a score—
First, fashion cannot change his dress;
He can't forgive a chronic bore,
Nor the American Free Press.

His scorn is great for foreign lands;
He thinks bed is the proper place
(At ten) for weary head and hands—
In fact, for all the human race.

He thinks one woman's like the rest;
To be convinced he is unwilling;
His heart with pity is impressed—
His hand is ready with a shilling.

Gentleman's Magazine.

GOD sent a poet to reform his earth,
But when he came and found it cold and poor,
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous
boor
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,
He thought: Myself can make one better
worth

The living in than this—full of old lore,
Music and light and love, where saints adore
And angels, all within mine own soul's girth.

But when at last he came to die, his soul
Saw earth (flying past to heaven) with new
love,

And all the unused passion in him cried:
O God, your heaven I know and weary of;
Give me this world to work in and make whole.
God spoke: Therein, fool, thou hast lived and
died.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY ON LITERATURE.

It is not desirable to bring the element of party politics into the world of books. But it is difficult to discuss the influence of democracy on literature without borrowing from the Radicals one of the wisest and truest of their watchwords. It is of no use, as they remind us, to be afraid of the people. We have this huge mass of individuals around us, each item in the coagulation struggling to retain and to exercise its liberty; and, while we are perfectly free to like or dislike the condition of things which has produced this phenomenon, to be alarmed, to utter shrieks of fright at it, is to resign all pretension to be heard. We may believe that the whole concern is going to the dogs, or we may be amusing ourselves by printing Cook's tickets for a monster excursion to Boothia Felix or other provinces of Utopia; to be frightened at it, or to think that we can do any good by scolding it or binding it with chains of tow, is simply silly. It moves, and it carries the superior person with it and in it, like a mote of dust.

In considering, therefore, the influence of democracy on literature, it seems worse than useless to exhort or persuade. All that can in any degree be interesting must be to study, without prejudice, the signs of the times, to compare notes about the weather, and tap the intellectual barometer cheerfully. This form of inquiry is rarely attempted in a perfectly open spirit, partly, no doubt, because it is unquestionably one which it is difficult to carry through. It is wonderfully easy to proclaim the advent of a literary Ragnarok, to say that poetry is dead, the novel sunken into its dotage, all good writing obsolete, and the reign of darkness begun. There are writers who do this, and who round off their periods by attributing the whole condition to the democratic spirit, like the sailor in that delightful old piece played at the Strand Theatre, who used to sum up the misfortunes of a lifetime with the recurrent refrain, "It's all on account of Eliza." The "uncreating words" of these pessimists are dispiriting for the moment,

but they mean nothing. Those of the optimist do not mean much either. A little more effort is required to produce his rose-colored picture, but we are not really persuaded that because the brown marries the blonde all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Nor is much gained by prophecy. We have been listening to a gentleman, himself a biographer and an historian, who predicts, with babe-like *naïveté*, that all literary persons will presently be sent by the democracy to split wood and draw water, except, perhaps, "the historian or biographer." In this universal splitting of wood, some heads, which now think themselves mighty clever, may come to be rather disastrously cracked. It was not Camille Desmoulins whom Fate selected to enter into his own promised land of emancipated literature.

We gain little by a comparison of our modern situation with that of the ancient commonwealths. The parallel between the state of literature in our world and that in Athens or Florence is purely academic. Whatever the form of government, literature has always been aristocratic, or at least oligarchic. It has been encouraged or else tolerated; even when it has been independent, its self-congratulations on its independence have shown how temporary that liberty was, and how imminent the relapse into bondage. The peculiar protection given to the arts by enlightened commonwealths surrounded by barbaric tyrannies was often of a most valuable character, but it resembled nothing which can recur in the modern world. The stimulus it gave to the creative temperament was due in great measure to its exclusiveness, to the fact that the world was shut out, and the appeal for sympathy made to a restricted circle. The republic was a family of highly trained intelligences, barred and bolted against the vast and stupid world outside. This condition can never be re-established. The essence of democracy is that it knows no narrower bonds than those of the globe, and its success is marked by the destruction of those very ramparts which protected and inspired the old intellectual free States.

The purest and most elevated form of

literature, the rarest and, at its best, the most valuable, is poetry. If it could be shown that the influence of the popular advance in power has been favorable to the growth of great verse, then all the rest might be taken for granted. Unfortunately, there are many circumstances which interfere with our vision, and make it exceedingly difficult to give an opinion on this point. Victor Hugo never questioned that the poetical element was needed, but he had occasional qualms about its being properly demanded.

Peuples! écoutez le poète,
Écoutez le rêveur sacré!
Dans votre nuit, sans lui complète,
Lui seul a le front éclairé!

he shouted, but the very energy of the exclamation suggests a doubt in his own mind as to its complete acceptability. In this country, the democracy has certainly crowded around one poet. It has always appeared to me to be one of the most singular, as it is one of the most encouraging features of our recent literary history, that Tennyson should have held the extraordinary place in the affections of our people which has now been his for nearly half a century. That it should be so delicate and so *Æolian* a music, so little affected by contemporary passion, so disdainful of adventitious aids to popularity, which above all others has attracted the universal ear, and held it without producing weariness or satiety; this, I confess, appears to me very marvellous. Some of the laureate's best-loved lyrics have been before the public for more than sixty years. Cowley is one of the few English poets who have been, during their lifetime, praised as much as Tennyson has been, but where in 1720 was the fame of Cowley? Where in the France of to-day are the "*Méditations*" and the "*Harmónies*" of Lamartine?

If, then, we might take Tennyson as an example of the result of the action of democracy upon literature, we might indeed congratulate ourselves. But a moment's reflection shows that to do so is to put the cart before the horse. The wide appreciation of such delicate and penetrating poetry is, indeed, an example of the

influence of literature on democracy, but hardly of democracy on literature. We may examine the series of Lord Tennyson's volumes with care, and scarcely discover a copy of verses in which he can be detected as directly urged to expression by the popular taste. This prime favorite of the educated masses has never courted the public, nor striven to serve it. He has written to please himself, to win the applause of the "little clan," and each round of salvos from the world outside has seemed to startle him in his obstinate retirement. If it has grown easier and easier for him to consent to please the masses, it is because he has familiarized them more and more with his peculiar accent. He has led literary taste, he has not dreamed of following it.

What is true of Tennyson is true of most of our recent poets. There is one exception, however, and that a very curious one. The single English poet of high rank whose works seem to me to be distinctly affected by the democratic spirit, nay, to be the direct outcome of the influence of democracy, is Robert Browning. It has scarcely been sufficiently noted by those who criticise the style of that great writer that the entire tone of his writings introduces something hitherto unobserved in British poetry. That something is the repudiation of the recognized oligarchic attitude of the poet in his address to the public. It is not that he writes or does not write of the poor. It is a curious mistake to expect the democratic spirit to be always on its knees adoring the proletariat. To the true democracy all are veritably of equal interest, and even a belted earl may be a man and a brother. In his poems Robert Browning spoke as though he felt himself to be walking through a world of equals, all interesting to him, all worthy of study. This is the secret of his abrupt familiar appeal, his "Dare I trust the same to you?" "Look out, see the gipsy!" "You would fain be kinglier, say, than I am?" the incessant confidential aside to a cloud of unnamed witnesses, the conversational tone, things all of which were before his time unknown in serious verse. Browning is hail-fellow-well-met with all the world,

from queen to peasant, and half of what is called his dramatic faculty is merely the result of his genius for making friends with every species of mankind.

With this exception, however, the principal poetical writers of our time seem to be unaffected by the pressure of the masses around them. They select their themes, remain true to the principles of composition which they prefer, concern themselves with the execution of their verses, and regard the opinion of the millions as little or even less than their great forerunners did that of emperor or prince-bishop. Being born with quick intelligences into an age burdened by social difficulties, these latter occasionally interest them very acutely, and they write about them, not, I think, pressed into that service by the democratic spirit, but yielding to the attraction of what is moving and picturesque. A wit has lately said of the most popular, the most democratic of living French poets, M. François Coppée, that his blazon is "des rimes riches sur la blouse prolétaire." But the central fact to a critic about M. Coppée's verse is, not the accident that he writes about poor people, but the essential point that his rhymes are richer and his verse more faultless than those of any of his contemporaries. We may depend upon it that democracy has had no effect on his prosody, and the rest is a mere matter of selection.

The fact seems to be that the more closely we examine the highest examples of the noblest class of literature the more we become persuaded that democracy has scarcely had any effect upon them at all. It has not interfered with the poets, least of all has it dictated to them. It has listened to them with respect; it has even contemplated their eccentricities with admiration; it has tried, with its millions of untrained feet, to walk in step with them. And when we turn from poetry to the best science, the best history, the best fiction, we find the same phenomenon. Democracy has been stirred to its depths by the writings of Darwin; but who can trace in those writings the smallest concession to the judgment or desire of the masses? Darwin became convinced of

certain theories. To the vast mass of the public these theories were incredible, unpalatable, impious. With immense patience, without emphasis of any kind, he proceeded to substantiate his views, to enlarge his exposition; and gradually the cold body of democratic opposition melted around that fervent atom of heat, and, in response to its unbroken radiation, became warm itself. All that can be said is that the new democratic condition is a better conductor than the old oligarchical one was. Darwin produces his effect more steadily and rapidly than Galileo or Spinoza, but not more surely, with exactly as little aid from without.

As far, then, as the summits of literature are concerned—the great masters of style, the great discoverers, the great intellectual illuminators—it may be said that the influence of democracy upon them is almost *nil*. It affords them a wider hearing, and therefore a prompter recognition. It gives them more readers, and therefore a more direct arrival at that degree of material comfort necessary for the proper conduct of their investigations, or the full polish of their periods. It may spoil them with its flatteries, or diminish their merit by seducing them to over-production; but this is a question between themselves and their own souls. A syndicate of newspapers, or the editor of a magazine may tempt a writer of to-day, as Villon was tempted with the wine-shop, or Coleridge with laudanum; but that is not the fault of the democracy. Nor, if a writer of real power is neglected, are people more or less to blame in 1891 than they were for letting Otway starve two hundred years ago. Some people, beloved of the gods, cannot be explained to mankind by king or caucus.

So far, therefore, as our present experience goes, we may relinquish the common fear that the summit of literature will be submerged by democracy. When the new spirit first began to be studied, many whose judgment on other points was sound enough were confident that the instinctive programme of the democratic spirit was to prevent intellectual capacity of every kind from developing, for fear of the ascendancy which it would exercise.

This is communism, and means democracy pushed to an impossible extremity, to a point from which it must rebound. No doubt, there is always a chance that a disturbance of the masses may for a moment wash over and destroy some phase of real intellectual distinction, just as it may sweep away, also for a moment, other personal conditions. But it looks as though the individuality would always reassert itself. The crowd that smashed the porcelain in the White House to celebrate the election of President Andrew Jackson had to buy more to take its place. The White House did not continue, even under Jackson, to subsist without porcelain. In the same way, edicts may be passed by communal councils forbidding citizens to worship the idols which the booksellers set up, and even that consummation may be reached, to which a prophet of our own day looks forward, when we shall all be forced by the police to walk hand in hand with "the craziest sot in the village," as our friend and equal; none the less will human nature, at the earliest opportunity, throw off the bondage, and openly prefer Darwin and Tennyson to that engaging rustic. Indeed, all the signs of the times go to suggest that the completer the democracy becomes, the vaster the gap will be in popular honor between the great men of letters and "the craziest sot in the village." It is quite possible that the tyranny of extreme intellectual popularity may prove as tiresome as other and older tyrannies were. But that's another story, as the new catchword tells us.

Literature, however, as a profession or a calling, is not confined to the writings of the five or six men who, in each generation, represent what is most brilliant and most independent. From the leaders, in their indisputable greatness, the intellectual hierarchy descends to the lowest and broadest class of workers who in any measure hang on to the skirts of literature, and eke out a living by writing. It is in the middle ranks of this vast pyramid that we should look to see most distinctly the signs of the influence of democracy. We shall not find them in the broad and featureless residuum any more than in the strongly individualized summits. But we ought to discover them in the writers who have talent enough to keep them aloft, yet not enough to make them indifferent to outer support. Here, where all is lost or gained by a successful appeal to the crowd as it hastens by, we might expect to see very distinctly the effects of democracy,

and here, perhaps, if we look closely, we may see them.

It appears to me that even here it is not so easy as one would imagine that it would be to pin distinct charges to the sleeve of the much-abused democracy. Let us take the bad points first. The enlargement of the possible circle of an author's readers may awaken in the breast of a man who has gained a little success, the desire to arrive at a greater one in another field, for which he is really not so well equipped. An author may have a positive talent for church history, and turning from it, through cupidity, to fiction, may, by addressing a vastly extended public, make a little more money by his bad stories than he was able to make by his good hagiology, and so act to the detriment of literature. Again, an author who has made a hit with a certain theme, or a certain treatment of that theme, may be held nailed down to it by the public long after he has exhausted it and it has exhausted him. Again, the complaisance of the public, and the loyal eagerness with which it cries "Give, give," to a writer that has pleased it, may induce that writer to go on talking long after he has anything to say, and so conduce to the watering of the milk of wit. Or—and this is more subtle and by no means so easy to observe—the pressure of commonplace opinion, constantly checking a writer when he shelves away towards either edge of the trodden path of mediocrity, may keep him from ever adding to the splendid originalities of literature. This shows itself in the disease which we may call *Mudieitis*, the inflammation produced by the fear that what you are inspired to say, and know you ought to say, will be unpalatable to the circulating libraries, that "the wife of a country incumbent," that terror before which Messrs. Smith fall prone upon their faces, may write up to headquarters and expostulate. In all these cases, without doubt, we have instances of the direct influence of democracy upon literature, and that of a deleterious kind. Not one of them, however, can produce a bad effect upon any but persons of weak or faulty character, and these would probably err in some other direction, even at the court of a grand duke.

On the other hand, the benefits of democratic surroundings are felt in these middle walks of literature. The appeal to a very wide audience has the effect of giving a writer whose work is sound but not of universal interest, an opportunity of collecting, piecemeal, individual readers

enough to support him. The average sanity of a democracy, and the habit it encourages of immediate, full, and candid discussion, preserves the writer whose snare is eccentricity from going too far in his folly. The celebrated eccentrics of past literature, the Lycophrons and the Gongoras, the Donnes and the Gombrevilles, were the spokesmen of small and pedantic circles, disdainful of the human herd, "sets" whose members rejoiced in the conceits and extravagance of their respected favorites, and encouraged these talented personages to make mountebanks of themselves. These leaders were in most cases excessively clever, and we find their work, or a little of it, very entertaining as we cross the history of *belles-lettres*. But it is impossible not to see that, for instance, each of the mysterious writers I have mentioned would, in a democratic age, and healthily confronted with public criticism, have been able to make a much wholesomer and broader use of his cleverness. The democratic spirit, moreover, may be supposed to encourage directness of utterance, simplicity, vividness, and lucidity. I say it may be supposed to do so, because I cannot perceive that with all our liberty the nineteenth century has proceeded any farther in this direction than the hide-bound eighteenth century was able to do. On the whole, indeed, I find it very difficult to discover that democracy, as such, is affecting the quality of such good literature as we possess in any very general or obvious way. It may be that we are still under the oligarchic tradition, and that a social revolution, introducing a sudden breach in our habits, and perhaps paralyzing the profession of letters for a few years, would be followed by a new literature of a decidedly democratic class. We are speaking of what we actually see, and not of vague visions which may seem to flit across the spectral mirror of the future.

But when we pass from the quality of the best literature to the quantity of it, then it is impossible to preserve so indifferent or so optimistic an attitude. The democratic habit does not, if I am correct, make much difference in the way in which good authors write, but it very much affects the amount of circulation which their writings obtain. The literature of which I have hitherto spoken is that of which analysis can take cognizance, the writing which possesses a measure, at least, of distinction, of accomplishment, that which, in every class, belongs to the tradition of good work. It is very easy

to draw a rough line, not too high, above which all may fairly be treated as literature in *posse* if not in *esse*. In former ages, almost all that was published, certainly all that attracted public attention and secured readers, was of this sort. The baldest and most grotesque Elizabethan drama, the sickliest romance that lay with Bibles and with *billets-doux* on Belinda's toilet-table, the most effete didactic poem of the Hayley and Seward age, had this quality of belonging to the literary camp. It was a miserable object, no doubt, and wholly without value, but it wore the king's uniform. If it could have been better written, it would have been well written. But, as a result of democracy, what is still looked upon as the field of literature has been invaded by camp followers of every kind, so active and so numerous, that they threaten to oust the soldiery themselves; persons in every variety of costume, from court clothes to rags, but agreeing only in this, that they are not dressed as soldiers of literature.

These amateurs and specialists, these writers of books that are not books, and essays that are not essays, are peculiarly the product of a democratic age. A love for the distinguished parts of literature, and even a conception that such parts exist, is not common among men, and it is not obvious that democracy has led to its encouragement. Hitherto the tradition of style has commonly been respected; no very open voice having been as yet raised against it. But with the vast majority of persons it remains nothing but a mystery, and one which they secretly regard with suspicion. The enlargement of the circle of readers merely means an increase of persons who, without an ear, are admitted to the concert of literature. At present they listen to the traditional sonatas and mazurkas with bored respect, but they are really longing for music-hall ditties on the concertina. To this ever-increasing congregation of the unmusical comes the technical amateur, with his dry facts and exact knowledge; the flippant amateur, with his comic "bits" and laughable miscellanies; the didactic and religious amateur, anxious to mend our manners and save our souls. These people, whose power must not be slighted, and whose value, perhaps, can only relatively be denied, have something definite, something serviceable to give in the form of a paper or a magazine or a book. What wonder that they should form dangerous rivals to the writer who is assiduous about the way in which a thing is said, and care-

ful to produce a solid and harmonious effect by characteristic language?

It was mainly during the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century that this body of technical, professional, and non-literary writing began to develop. We owe it, without doubt, to the spread of exact knowledge and the emancipation of speculative thought. It was from the law first, then from divinity, then from science, and last from philosophy that the studied graces were excluded—a sacrifice on the altar of positive expression. If a writer on precise themes were to adopt to-day the balanced elegance of Evelyn or Shaftesbury's stately and harmonious periods, he would either be read for his style and his sentiment or not at all. People would go for their information elsewhere. No doubt, in a certain sense, this change is due to the democracy; it is due to the quickening and rarifying of public life, to the creation of rapid needs, to a breaking down of barriers. But so long as the books and papers which deal with professional matters do not utterly absorb the field, so long as they leave time and space for pure literature, there is no reason why they should positively injure the latter, though they must form a constant danger to it. At times of public ferment, when great constitutional or social problems occupy universal attention, there can be no doubt that the danger ripens into real injury. When newspapers are full of current events in political and social life, the graver kind of books are slackly bought, and "the higher criticism" disappears from the reviews. We can imagine a state of things in which such a crowding out should become chronic, when the nervous system of the public should crave such incessant shocks of actuality, that no time should be left for thought or sentiment. We might arrive at the condition in which Wordsworth pictured the France of ninety years ago:—

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

When we feel inclined to forebode such a shocking lapse into barbarism, it may help us if we reflect how soon France, in spite of, or by the aid of, democracy, threw off the burden of emptiness. The intellectual destitution of that country at the beginning of the century and the passionate avidity with which, on the return of political tranquillity, France threw herself

back on literary and artistic avocations, should strengthen the nerves of those pessimists who, at the slightest approach to a similar condition in modern England, declare that our intellectual prestige is sunken, never to revive. There is a great elasticity in the tastes of the average man, and when they have been pushed violently in one direction they do not remain fixed there, but swing with equal force to the opposite side. The æsthetic part of mankind may be obscured, it cannot be obliterated.

The present moment appears to me to be a particularly unhappy one for indulging in gloomy diatribes against the democracy. Books, although they constitute the most durable part of literature, are not, in this day, by any means its sole channel. Periodical literature has certainly been becoming more and more democratic; and if the editors of our newspapers gauge in any degree the taste of their readers, that taste must be becoming more and more inclined to the formal and distinctive parts of writing. A few years ago, the London newspapers were singularly indifferent to the claims of books and of the men who wrote them. An occasional stately column of the *Times* represented almost all the notice which a daily paper would take of a volume. The provincial press was still worse provided; it afforded no light at all for such of its clients as were groping their way in the darkness of the book market. All this is now changed. One or two of the evening newspapers of London deserve great commendation for having dared to treat literary subjects, in distinction from mere reviews of books, as of immediate public interest. Their example has at length quickened some of the morning papers, and has spread into the provinces to such a signal degree that several of the great newspapers of the north of England are now served with literary matter of a quality and a fulness not to be matched in a single London daily twenty years ago. When an eminent man of letters dies, the comments which the London and country press make upon his career and the nature of his work are often quite astonishing in their fulness; space being dedicated to these notices such as, but a few years ago, would have been grudged to a politician or to a prize-fighter. The newspapers are the most democratic of all vehicles of thought, and the prominence of literary discussion in their columns does not look as though the democracy was anxious to be thought indifferent or hostile to literature.

In all this bustle and reverberation,

however, it may be said that there is not much place for those who desire, like Jean Chapelain, to live in innocence, with Apollo and with their books. There can be no question, that the tendency of modern life is not favorable to sequestered literary scholarship. At the same time, it is a singular fact that, even in the present day, when a Thomas Love Peacock or an Edward Fitzgerald hides himself in a careful seclusion, like some rare aquatic bird in a backwater, his work slowly becomes manifest, and receives due recognition and honor. Such authors do not enjoy great sales, even when they become famous, but, in spite of their opposition to the temper of their time, in spite of all obstacles imposed by their own peculiarities of temperament, they receive, in the long run, a fair measure of success. They have their hour, sooner or later. More than that no author of their type could have under any form of political government, or at any period of history. They should not, and, in fairness it must be said they rarely do, complain. They know that "Dieu paie," as Alphonse Karr said, "mais il ne paie pas tous les samedis."

It is the writers who want to be paid every Saturday upon whom democracy produces the worst effect. It is not the neglect of the public, it is the facility with which the money can be wheedled out of the pockets of the public on trifling occasions that constitutes a danger to literature. There is an enormous quantity of almost unmixed shoddy now produced and sold, and the peril is that authors who are capable of doing better things will be seduced into adding to this wretched product for the sake of the money. We are highly solicitous nowadays, and it is most proper that we should be, about adequate payment for the literary worker. But as long as that payment is in no sort of degree proportioned to the merit of the article he produces, the question of its scale of payment must remain one rather for his solicitor than for the critics. The importance of our own Society of Authors, for instance, lies, it appears to me, in its constituting a sort of firm of solicitors acting solely for literary clients. But the moment we go further than this, we get into difficulties. The money standard tends to become the standard of merit. At a recent public meeting, while one of the most distinguished of living technical writers was speaking for the literary profession, one of those purveyors of tenth-rate fiction, who supply stories, as they might supply vegetables, to a regular

market, was heard to say with scorn, "Call *him* an author?" "Why, yes!" her neighbor replied, "don't you know he has written so and so, and so and so?" "Well," said the other, "I should like to know what his sales are before I allowed he was an author."

It would be highly inopportune to call for a return of the *bonâ fide* sales of those of our leading authors who are not novelists. It is to be hoped that no such indulgence to the idlest curiosity will ever be conceded. But if such a thing were done, it would probably reveal some startling statistics. It would be found that many of those whose names are only next to the highest in public esteem do not receive more than the barest pittance from their writings, even from those which are most commonly in the mouths of their contemporaries. To mention only two writers, but these of singular eminence and prominence, it was not until the later years of their lives that either Robert Browning or Matthew Arnold began to be sure of even a very moderate pecuniary return on their books. The curious point was that both of them achieved fame of a wide and brilliant nature long before their books began to "move," as publishers call it. It is not easy to think of an example of this curious fact more surprising than this, that "Friendship's Garland" during many years did not pass out of one moderate edition. This book, published when Arnold was filling the mouths of men with his paradoxical utterances, lighted up all through with such wit and charm of style as can hardly, of its kind, be paralleled in recent prose; a masterpiece, not dealing with remote or abstruse questions, but with burning matters of the day—this entertaining and admirably modern volume enjoyed a sale which would mean deplorable failure in the case of a female novelist of a perfectly subterranean order. This case could be paralleled, no doubt, by a dozen others, equally striking. I have just taken up a volume of humor, the production of a "funny man" of the moment, and I see on its title-page the statement that it is in its one hundred and nineteenth edition. Of this book one hundred and nineteen thousand copies have been bought during a space of time equal to that in which Matthew Arnold sold probably about one hundred and nineteen copies of "Friendship's Garland." In the face of these facts it is not possible to say that, though it may buy well, the democracy buys wisely.

It is this which makes me fear that, as

I have said, the democratic spirit is influencing disadvantageously the quantity rather than the quality of good literature. It seems to be starving its best men, and helping its coarsest Jeshurun to wax fat. The good authors write as they would have written under any circumstances, valuing their work for its own sake, and enjoying that state of happiness of which Mr. William Morris has been speaking, "the happiness only possible to artists and thieves." But while they produce in this happy mood, the democracy, which honors their names and displays an inexplicable curiosity about their persons, is gradually exterminating them by borrowing their books instead of buying them, and so reducing them to a level just below the possibility of living by pure literature. The result is, as any list of the most illustrious living authors (not novelists) will suggest, that scarcely a single man or woman of them has lived by the production of books. An amiable poet of the older school, whose name is everywhere mentioned with honor, used to say that he published books instead of keeping a carriage, as his fortune would not permit him to afford both of those luxuries. When we think of the prizes which literature occasionally offered to serious work in the eighteenth century, it seems as though there had been a very distinct retrogression in this respect.

The novel, in short, tends more and more to become the only professional branch of literature; and this is unfortunate, because the novel is the branch which shelters the worst work. In other sections of pure letters, if work is not in any way good, it is cast forth and no more heard of. But a novel may be utterly silly, be condemned by every canon of taste, be ignored by the press, and yet may enjoy a mysterious success, pass through tens of editions, and start its author on a career which may lead to opulence. It would be interesting to know what it is that attracts the masses to books of this kind. How do they hear of them in the first instance? Why does one vapid and lady-like novel speed on its way, while eleven others apparently just like unto it, sink and disappear? How is the public appetite for this insipidity to be reconciled with the partiality of the same readers for stories by writers of real excellence? Why do those who have once pleased the public continue to please it, whatever lapses into carelessness and levity they permit themselves? I have put these questions over and over

again to those whose business it is to observe and take advantage of the fluctuations of the book-market, but they give no intelligible reply. If the Sphinx had asked *Œdipus* to explain the position of "Edna Lyall," he would have had to throw himself from the rock.

If the novelists, bad or good, showed in their work the influence of democracy, they would reward study. But it is difficult to perceive that they do. The good ones, from Mr. George Meredith downwards, write to please themselves, in their own manner, just as do the poets, the critics, and the historians, leaving it to the crowd to take their books or let them lie. The commonplace ones write blindly, following the dictates of their ignorance and their inexperience, waiting for the chance that the capricious public may select a favorite from their ranks. Almost the only direct influence which the democracy, as at present constituted in England, seems to bring to bear on novels, is the narrowing of the sphere of incident and emotion within which they may disport themselves. It would be too complicated and dangerous a question to ask here, at the end of an article, whether that restriction is a good thing or a bad. The undeniable fact is that whenever an English novelist has risen to protest against it, the weight of the democracy has been exercised to crush him. He has been voted "not quite nice," a phrase of hideous import, as fatal to a modern writer as the inverted thumb of a Roman matron was to a gladiator. But all we want now is a very young man strong enough, sincere enough, and popular enough to insist on being listened to when he speaks of real things — and perhaps we have found him.

One great novelist our race has however produced, who seems not only to write under the influence of democracy, but to be absolutely inspired by the democratic spirit. This is Mr. W. D. Howells, and it is only by admitting this isolation of his, I think, that we can arrive at any just comprehension of his place in contemporary literature. It is the secret of his extreme popularity in America, except in a certain Europeanized clique; it is the secret of the instinctive dislike of him, amounting to a blind hereditary prejudice, which is so widely felt in this country. Mr. Howells is the most exotic, perhaps the only truly exotic writer of great distinction whom America has produced; Emerson, and the school of Emerson in its widest sense, being too self-consciously

in revolt against the English oligarchy, out of which they sprang, to be truly distinguished from it. But England, with its aristocratic traditions and codes, does not seem to weigh with Mr. Howells. His books suggest no rebellion against, nor subjection to, what simply does not exist for him or for his readers. He is superficially irritated at European pretensions, but essentially, and when he becomes absorbed in his work as a creative artist, he ignores everything but that vast level of middle-class American society out of which he sprang, which he faithfully represents, and which adores him. To English readers, the novels of Mr. Howells must always be something of a puzzle, even if they partly like them, and as a rule they hate them. But to the average educated American who has not been to Europe these novels appear the most deeply experienced and ripely sympathetic product of modern literature.

When we review the whole field of which some slight outline has here been attempted, we see much that may cheer and encourage us, and something, too, that may cause grave apprehension. The alertness and receptivity of the enormous crowd which a writer may now hope to address is a pleasant feature. The hammering away at an idea without inducing it to enter anybody's ears is now a thing of the past. What was whispered in London yesterday afternoon was known in New York this morning, and we have the comments of America upon it with our five o'clock tea to-day. But this is not an unmixed benefit, for if an impression is now quickly made, it is as quickly lost, and there is little profit in seeing people receive an idea which they will immediately forget. Moreover, for those who write what the millions read, there is something disturbing and unwholesome in this public roar that is ever rising in their ears. They ensconce themselves in their study, they draw the curtains, light the lamp, and plunge into their books, but from the darkness outside comes that distracting and agitating cry of the public that demands their presence. This is a new temptation, and indicates a serious danger. But the popular writers will get used to it, and when they realize how little it really means it may cease to disturb them. In the mean time, let no man needlessly dishearten his brethren in this world of disillusion, by losing faith in the ultimate survival and continuance of literature.

EDMUND GOSSE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITH THE CATTLE LIFTERS.

"WAH! what is this?" cried a voice in Hindostanee. Hay leaps to his feet and draws his sword — all three men have their swords — and touches young Hamilton with his foot. "The gun has not fired yet," says the young fellow sleepily, thinking it is his bearer waking him for early morning parade. They are not out of sound of the piece, but its roar will not this morning proclaim the dominion of the English; that for a time has ended in Khizrabad. It is only the earliest dawn, but still it is light enough for Hay to see who the natives, there are four or five of them, are. They are Goojurs, members of a lawless, turbulent, predatory tribe which inhabits this upper length of the Jumna. Apart from peculiarities of dress, the men are easily recognizable by their strength and stature, and the wild fierceness of their look. And now, aroused by the voices of the natives, who are eagerly discussing the appearance of the party which they have so suddenly come upon, which they have put up like a covey of partridges, Hamilton and the others are on their feet too.

"You have run away from Khizrabad," says one of the men, addressing Hay.

The words "run away" do not sound pleasant, especially in English ears. But the man does not mean them to be unpleasant. He does not mean to jeer at them, or scoff at them, or triumph over them. He has used the simplest words descriptive of the simple fact. If he had ever had occasion to run away himself, he would have said simply, "I ran away."

"We have come from Khizrabad," says Hay.

"You could not have come from anywhere else," says the man.

"*Ufsur log*" (officers), the other natives say to one another.

"Will you come with us to our huts?" goes on the man who is addressing Hay.

"Your village?"

"No; our *tanda*" (kraal). "We have come down into the *khadir* to feed our herds of cattle. There are some English people at the huts already."

"English people! Where?"

"At our huts. Two Englishmen."

"Who are they? What are their names?" asks Hay eagerly.

"I do not know their names. How should I? But they are army men like yourselves, and one of them has a glass eye."

"A glass eye," exclaims Hay, "a glass eye; I do not remember any one with a glass eye."

"Will you come with us and join those other two?"

Hamilton and old Brodie are now both standing by Hay's side, they too with their drawn swords in their hands.

"What do you think?" says Hay, turning towards them.

"They may be wishing to lead us into a trap," says old Brodie, as he glances towards the sisters. He thinks the object of the men may be to get them, the girls, into their power. He wishes the women were not with them; he has wished so already, several times. It would have been so much easier for the men to fight, or, if it came to that, to run away, without them.

"They do not look unfriendly," says Hay.

"Do not be afraid," says the huge giant of a man — he looks like a bronze statue of Hercules as he stands there leaning on his club, the greater part of his person exposed full to view — with the plainness of speech already commented on. "We have no desire to injure you, or those with you," glancing at the women. "If we had, you could not prevent us. There are only two of you — the old fellow does not count — and our *luths*" (clubs) "are as good as your swords — better." The long piece of male bamboo, heavily shod with iron at the end, on which he is leaning, is indeed a very lethal-looking weapon; it forms a combination of the mace and the quarter-staff of the Middle Ages. "We could easily overpower you."

He does not mean to be offensive or wound their feelings, only to state the fact.

"We should not mind fighting you if we had not the women with us," is what Hay would like to say, very much, but he cannot. He speaks to his companions in English.

"Two more fellows would be a great addition to our strength. We could then hold our own — present a better front. And we may be of help to them." And then in Hindostanee to the man: "You have said you do not mean to hurt or injure us?"

"I have said it."

"How far are your huts?"

"About a mile off."

"Very good. We will go with you."

He has decided.

They move through the strange tract, with its ever-changing yet permanent features, with much more ease than during the night time. They are not whipped or stung by the tamarisk branches, or stabbed and torn by the thorns; they do not go stumbling over the clods in the fields, or have their feet sink into the slush of quagmires. But to the two sisters it often seemed that they would rather have been forcing their way through the bushes than have had these men hold the branches aside with such excessive care. The more pleasurably the men look upon them the less pleasurable do they find it. But their thoughts are diverted from themselves by taking part in the discussion as to who the man with the glass eye may be. They know no one in the station with a glass eye. No one of the party has ever heard of any one in the place who had one. They know the faces of all the English people in the station, no matter to what class they belong. And the men were quite sure that this was a European, not an East Indian. Who can it be? they wonder over and over again.

"It may be some one who was passing through the station."

The temporary quarters of the herdsmen now come in view. The tando, or kraal, is formed by two long parallel fences, and the rough grass sheds which connect their ends, the pen being about three times as long as wide. As they are approaching directly towards the back of one of the sheds they cannot see into the enclosure. They have reached the shed and go round its corner, and along the side of the high hedge to the opening, closed by a rude hurdle, leading into the yard. Dr. Brodie passes in through this, the only opening, with great misgiving. He does not like the looks of the men. (And, taking them altogether, they certainly are a most villainous looking lot.)

And the sisters share in his apprehensions. The men seem to them very savage and cruel looking, though some of them had helped them assiduously, much too assiduously, they think, and cast on them looks of kindness, looks that were a great deal too kind, they thought. And certainly the long, tangled locks and brushed-up mustachios and brushed-back whiskers of the men give them a very wild, fierce look. This big giant of a man with the hair growing so thick on his chest

and arms, along his fingers and on his shoulder-blades, might stand for Orson. This short, squat fellow with the extraordinarily ugly countenance is a living, moving Caliban. It would be easier to take them for bandits than honest herdsmen. They were in fact all robbers in the honorable way of cattle lifting.

Hay and Mrs. Fane, walking together, enter the enclosure a little way behind the others. As they enter they see a man in English attire, but with a black face, seated in front of one of the grass sheds.

"That is the man with the glass eye," says the herdsman walking with them.

"Oh, it is a half-caste," says Mrs. Fane, in a disappointed, indifferent tone of voice. She looked down on half-castes.

But now the man rises from the bedstead in a quiet, leisurely way, and Mrs. Fane gives a strange, half-smothered cry.

"What is this?" she cries, in a voice whose fearfulness and trembling is quite new in Hay's ears. Mrs. Fane's most striking outward characteristic was her calm, quiet, dignified, self-possessed, and perhaps somewhat too stately bearing. This was in some part artificial and assumed, but in most part natural and inherent. The strength of the acquired habit, the force of the natural quality, were such that they had withstood all the trials of the day before, even that of hearing the sound, seeing the smoke, of the great explosion which had slain her husband, so that Hay had marvelled at her self-possession. Now, hearing that strange quaver in her voice, he turns towards her, and is more than ever astonished to see that she is trembling violently, and that her eyes seem starting out of her head; then, remembering her usual lofty calmness and recalling to mind Mrs. Lyster's seizure of the day before, he begins to be alarmed also.

"This ——" he says.

"He," she says, pointing to the man by the bedstead.

Then, as the man begins to advance towards them, Mrs. Fane gives a strange, gurgling cry, and gasping out, "It is he!" Hay sees her dart towards the dark-faced man and clasp him in her arms, and Hay himself gives a jump as the well-known exclamations of "Oh! Ah! Hah!" fall upon his ear, and seem to come from this black-faced man—from this person of color. He rushes after Mrs. Fane. It is indeed so; it is Major Fane, his face and hands all blackened with gunpowder.

"Your father was not killed in the explosion; he escaped alive; he is here —

there," shouts Hay, as he rushes towards the sisters. On entering the enclosure they and young Hamilton had seen an Englishman advancing toward them, and when they had found that it was Major Coote, whom they all know so well, there was a prolonged hand-shaking, and an immediate outburst of inquiries.

"Father! Alive! Here!" exclaims Beatrice, looking at Hay with amazed, bewildered looks.

"I know him by his walk," cries Lilian, as she flies away, and Beatrice rushes after her.

The others remain where they are for a while, not wishing to intrude on this reunion, and then go forward and join the family group.

Then comes a long hand-shaking and hearty congratulations; they are all delighted that Fane has survived to enjoy the knowledge of his own heroic deed and receive the applause of his countrymen.

"Flannagan thought of it and did it; bwave fellow that," says the major, quietly stroking one long whisker with a hand no longer lily-white.

Then come more eager questionings. There is a great deal to be asked about, and narrated, and discussed. But the present and not the past is just now their immediate concern. What must they do now? Their object is to get to Abdoolapore. Where they stand they are thirty miles from it, seven miles from Khizrabad. It is desirable to increase the latter distance as soon as possible. Did the valley of the river run directly towards Abdoolapore the matter would be settled. They would move up along its secure length at once. But it does not. They must leave the safe basin of the river for the unsafe upland very soon. Shall they utilize the cool morning hours and try to get half-way to Abdoolapore, and then seek shelter and concealment in a mango grove for the rest of the day, and push on again in the evening? Or shall they remain where they are during the day, and start for Abdoolapore in the evening, and try to get over the thirty miles in the course of the night—the cool, sheltering night? On the one hand is the fatigue of the long walk—it is of the women they have to think—on the other, the exposure during the daytime, the danger of being seen. They consult the herdsmen who seem so friendly towards them. They are all for the latter course. It has to be considered that the ladies will be more comfortable where they are than in any mango grove. But that is nothing. They would run a ter-

rible risk by appearing on that village-crowded upland in the broad daylight. The news of what happened at Khizrabad yesterday has spread far and wide. The rule of the English is held to be over; with the lawless clans the wish is father to the thought.

The tract of country they will have to traverse is inhabited chiefly by Ranghurs, men of a rough, rude sort, who earn their living partly by honest means, but chiefly by dishonest ones; who do a little agriculture and a great deal of robbery; feed cattle largely, and lift them largely; a reaving, thieving clan. A reward has been offered for every English person carried into Khizrabad. They would be seized and taken back. The Ranghurs were quite capable of slaying them on their own account. They were safer here during the daytime than they would be on the plain above at twice the distance from Khizrabad.

They settle to remain where they are until evening.

"We will do what we can to make you comfortable," says a ferocious-looking drover. They placed one shed at the disposal of the men (they always come first in the East), and another at the disposal of Mrs. Fane and her daughters. Orson brings them bedsteads to sit on. Caliban brings them water to wash with. They are not able to supply them with any of the requisites of the toilette. Each man's own apparatus in that way consists wholly and solely — for they use no soap, and a piece of chewed stick serves them for tooth-brush — of a little round mirror, in which he is fond of regarding himself, and of a rough wooden tooth-comb. But they give them a clean sheet on which to dry their hands and faces. They bring them water to drink, and, from having been out all night in the porous earthen jars, it is deliciously cool. They bring them *ludoos* and *peras* (sweetmeats), with which to stay their appetites until the time for the cooking of the midday meal arrives. And then most of the villainous-looking crew depart to pursue their morning avocations.

And now with the fugitives comes a more detailed narration and discussion of the events of the day before.

"I did not know you," says Hay to Major Fane, "because they said you were the man with the glass eye. I wonder what they meant by that?"

"They were referring to my eye-glass, I suppose."

"We never thought of that."

They are fiercely angry, as well as sorrowful, as they speak of the disaffection of their men, so injurious to their feelings, so injurious it may be to their interests. If the men mutiny the officers must be somehow in fault, is, not unnaturally, though sometimes unjustly, the common opinion.

"You are the only one likely to come out of this business with any credit," says Major Coote to Major Fane. "We others did nothing, and were not allowed to do anything."

They mourn the loss of so many of their friends and companions, mourn the manner of their death. And so the moments slip by, and then the herdsmen return and begin to prepare the midday meal, and the fugitives watch the familiar process with a new and personal interest. That process is a very cleanly, if also a very simple one. First comes the cleansing and sprinkling with water of a little plot of ground, and the setting up on it by means of half-a-dozen clods of earth of a simple fireplace. Then comes the preliminary bath, without which no man may sit down to cook or eat. Then each man steps into his prepared plot — now become sacred ground into which no one else may set foot — and kneads the flour in a wide brass dish (the *thalee* now seen so much in English drawing-rooms), kneads it well with his fists, for on that kneading greatly depends the lightness of the cakes, and when the dough is of a proper consistency he rolls it into balls between the palms of his hands, and then flattens them out into disks, and then by throwing them from palm to palm widens them out into great circles which he places on the iron plate or girdle which he has already set on one compartment of the fireplace in which the brushwood fire is now crackling; and then when the cake is done on both sides he whips it off the girdle and sets it up on end by the side of the fire, which not only prevents it from getting cold, but causes it to puff out and have a crust; and this is the way in which the unleavened cakes which are being cooked every day by millions of people over a large portion of India, and have been so cooked for thousands of years, are made. Some lentil porridge has been cooking in another little brass pot set on the other compartment of the fireplace, and when this is ready it is poured into the wide brass dish in which the cakes were kneaded, since washed out, and the men break off pieces of the cakes and dip them into the porridge and eat. This wide brass dish to eat from, and the

famous brass drinking vessel called the *lotah*, form the only appurtenances of the table, not only of the common people, but even of the better classes of Hindoos, who all eat squatted on the ground, and with their fingers, like these herdsmen. But most of the men only cook cakes, and eat them with the *ghee*, or rancid butter, which is so abundant with them. And each man has to-day cooked an additional quantity for the guests. Two of the most cut-throat looking villains of the lot go round and collect the food and distribute it to the English. They take it to them on platters made of leaves. The use of the brass vessels is entirely restricted to the owners; the touch of the Christians would pollute them. Four or five of the cakes being put on the leaf platter, the lentil porridge is put on the topmost one, which serves as dish until it comes to be eaten itself. The drink is water or milk, chiefly that of the buffalo. With us the primitive world has passed away; a sojourn in a place like this carries you back to it. Then you come into close contact with the animal world, and have your feelings violently aroused with regard to its members; come to love those which are gentle and tamable and minister to the comfort and support of man, which supply him with meat and drink and raiment; come to hate those which are fierce and wild, and inimical to man and hurtful to him; come to have a very strong preference for those you can eat and who cannot eat you, over those you cannot eat and who can eat you. Then you come to understand how the cow, "the perpetual mother," has come to be worshipped; how the gentle lamb, which affords man such excellent food and clothing, came to be a divine emblem, why the sheep are put on the right hand and the goats on the left.

Fane has had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. He goes off to get some more cakes. To see him, a man with an intense pride of caste, stand at a careful distance from the little cooking-place, which even his shadow would defile, and hold out his hand while the humble herdsman, who will not in his whole lifetime earn so much as the major receives in a single month, throws the cakes into his outstretched hand — throws them, not from insolence, but because he has to avoid all chance of personal contact — was a sight to give rise to many reflections. In Europe the pride of caste is but a superfluous possession of the wealthy and well born. The caste system of the Hindoos gives strength to the weak, pride to the humble, self-respect

to the lowly; it is a strong armor, a fence; it protects if it restricts.

Then the hot day leaps upon them like a lion, very fierce and terrible. They talk and talk to make the hours go by, but the heat is very terrible; it is that of the simoom, it is that of the burning fiery furnace. The sheds afford them some shelter from the rays of the sun, but none from the dust-laden, fiery, hot wind. They experience a terrible feeling of oppression; they know not whether to sit or stand. The mosquitoes, excited to frenzy by finding this richer blood protected by a thinner skin brought within their reach, attack them furiously. And the flies are in clouds, in shoals; they are "in grievous swarms," as they were when the plague of them came to be numbered with the plague of the slaying of the first-born, and of the rivers of blood. And with many their bodily sufferings are aggravated by mental ones. The irritation of the nerves, due to the heat, is added to by the irritation of apprehension. These herdsmen are hereditary robbers; they belong to a lawless, predatory class. The fugitives have no money about their persons, but they have their watches and gold chains, and Mrs. Fane and her daughters have valuable rings on their fingers. Notoriously addicted to "robbery by violence," whether they attack a party of travellers on the road or carry a house by assault, these drovers certainly look capable of any villainy. You would sooner take them for bloodthirsty bandits than for simple, honest herdsmen. Certainly, so far, they have behaved with great kindness to the English fugitives. But how long will that last? May not their bloodthirstiness, their cupidity, their lust, be aroused at any moment? To Dr. Brodie these are hours of great torture, and even the other men take care to have their swords within reach. But the day is slipping by, and the time of their departure drawing nigh. The sun is declining in the west, and the evening is at hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BY ROAD AND RIVER.

At last! the day is done, the evening come.

They must now get over the main stream of the river before they can get out of its valley. There is a ferry where the road to Abdoolapore which they wish to reach crosses this channel, four or five miles higher up the valley. But they do not think it prudent to make for this public

place, at which the mutineers may possibly have set a guard. They will make the passage at a nearer point, even though they must there ford the river.

The sun is near his setting when they leave the kraal, accompanied by six or seven of the herdsmen. How quiet the great ocean of air now lies after all those hours of constant movement; how still after all that fierce unrest! The air no longer dances to the fierce rod of the sun; that withdrawn, it stands still. That daily western gale always dies away completely in the evening. Very pleasant the stillness after all the past turmoil.

For some time they pass over many open grazing-grounds, over many long reaches covered with tamarisk, across many dry channels, along the side of many now dry wheels, and so on until they arrive at the edge of the huge stretch of pure sand which marks the limit to which the water extends in the rains in this present main channel of the river. Walking across this is most toilsome. When they first enter on the sands these are of a rosy hue; by the time they have got to the end of them the afterglow has quite faded away, and left them a ghostly grey. At length they reach the edge of the stream. Generally the sacred river runs as yellow as the Tiber, but there is just now a milky tinge upon it; this indicates the melting of the snow on its parent glacier.

"There is a flood coming down the river," says Hay to one of the herdsmen.

"Yes, sir. The river has risen a great deal since this morning. I waded across it the whole way then; I think I should have to swim now in the middle."

This is an untoward circumstance. Neither Mrs. Fane nor her daughters can swim, as Hay knows.

"Then how are we to get the ladies across?" he says. "None of them can swim."

"The deep part is not very wide. If they will let themselves float we can get them across it. You gentlemen can all swim?"

"Yes."

Hay announces the fact to the others. To make for the ferry now would entail on them much additional fatigue and a great loss of time; every half-hour now is most valuable; the summer night is brief—they have thirty miles to walk.

"Is there no other ford than this?" asks Mrs. Fane—fearful, not for herself, but for her daughters.

"Yes, but three miles lower down, and

there would probably be the same difficulty there."

"We can easily take each lady across the deep part," says the herdsman, "one of us to each lady, if they will only not be afraid. If they will only not be frightened when they are off their feet, and let themselves float easily, and just let the right hand"—the river flowed from left to right—"rest on the shoulder of the man with them, there will be no danger."

The Englishmen discuss the matter a little apart.

"We think it would be best to cross here if we can, Theodosia," says Major Fane to his wife. "Do you think you and the girls could manage it? You must keep vewy cool. You must not stwuggle. Just let yourself float easily and let your hand rest lightly on the man's shoulders."

"I could manage it," says Mrs. Fane, "but I do not know about the girls."

Lilian glances fearfully across the broad expanse of the water, on which the darkness is now settling, but she answers bravely,—

"Oh, yes, we could manage it."

"I will take Miss Fane across myself," says Hay.

"I am sure there will be no danger," cries Beatrice, now completely reassured. Her heart, too, had sunk within her as she had looked across the darkening width of water.

"Let yourself float easily. Keep cool. Let your hand rest lightly on the shoulder of the man you are with"—directions easier to give than follow. Keep cool; do not fear, when there is the greatest reason to fear. Do not struggle, when the strongest, the most overpowering instincts of human nature, the love of life and the fear of death, impel you to struggle. Let your hand rest lightly on the shoulder! That is all very well in the case of a partner with whom you are about to float over the smooth yet firm floor of a ball-room, but not so easy when you have to float across a depth of drowning water. But with Hay Beatrice can go anywhere.

"Yes, we can take the ladies across ourselves," says Coote. "That is if we can all swim."

They all can.

"I will take my wife across," says Fane.

"Then I will take Miss Lilian," says Coote.

It is so settled.

They enter the water; two of the herdsmen lead the way, and the English people come after them in couples, the couples arranged as above, and young Hamilton and

old Brodie walk side by side and bring up the rear. They were enjoined to follow strictly behind the leaders, lest they should miss the ford, get into deep or dangerous water. A sudden plunge into that might prove fatal; in the case of any of the women, if they were taken off their feet and carried away it might be impossible to rescue them, from the difficulty of seeing where they were in the fast increasing gloom. And so they move on in a long double file. They move forward with a great splashing, made the greater in order to keep off the alligators, who are not likely, however, to approach so large a party. And so they move on — splash — splash — splash — splash — splash — splash for a long way; for, as is usually the case on the winding Jumna, the shoal is a very wide one. For most part of its width it is very shallow. For a great distance the water is not much more than ankle-deep; the ladies can easily keep their dresses above it. But now they have to abandon all thought of their dresses. Soon the water is knee-deep, soon waist-deep. The two leading herdsmen stop; they have reached the edge of the deep water. Hitherto they had been conscious only of the great splashing, but now in the sudden deep silence the gurgle and rush of the river is heard; and it cannot but fall fearfully on the ears of the women. Now has come their time of trial. Amid the encircling gloom they can discern the top of the curved bank they have to make for, between which and them the deep stream lies, for the bank is not very far off. But this deep stream is all the swifter because of the narrow channel in which it runs.

"West your hand upon my shoulder lightly, and let yourself float quietly, and it will be all wight," says Fane to his wife; and now he has struck out across the darkening water. Think of the feelings of the two girls at this moment! How their hearts stand still! How they strain their eyes to see, their ears to hear! But soon a welcome shout announces that the first essaying of the passage has been successful, though the shout comes from a good way down the river. Now it is the turn of William Hay and Beatrice Fane, and they are off. Think of the feelings of the parents as they stood upon the bank and their children were in the stream — of whose force they had just had proof — running the risk of death! In the broad daylight, in the presence of so many men, so many strong swimmers, the danger

might not have been so very great. But now a slip of the hand would mean almost certain death. Rest the hand lightly on the shoulder! — that was all very well, but a want of grasp of it might lose you your life. Hay has a badly wounded arm, but he swims like a fish, and in this case he is not likely to spare his powers of swimming. He puts them forth so effectually that he goes almost straight across the stream and strikes the bank much higher up than Fane had done. "Let her come safely across, too, O my God!" prays Mrs. Fane in her heart. And now Major Coote and Lilian, too, have reached the bank, and Mrs. Fane is happy. And now the men come swimming across in a body. The light has faded away completely, and it is intensely dark. It is a black darkness here at the foot of the high bank forming the side of the valley.

"This is the pathway," cries one of the herdsmen very loud. "This way. We must hurry on, for you have a long way to go."

"Yes," says Hay. "This way!" he shouts in English. "Is that you, Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"Is Brodie with you?"

"No."

"I suppose he has landed lower down. Brodie! Brodie!" he shouts; but there is no answer.

"Brodie! Brodie!" shouts young Hamilton; but there is no answer.

"He was an old man, and perhaps the strength of the stream was too great for him, and he is drowned," said one of the herdsmen without any circumlocution. "He started with us, I know, for I was next to him."

Hay puts his hand to his mouth and shouts out, "Brodie! Brodie!" until the welkin rings again.

"You need not wait for him, and you need not call to him, for he will not come or hear. He is gone dead for sure," says the herdsman who had last spoken. "He started with me, and as he has not reached the bank he must have gone down into the race below the cliff."

"Is there a race?"

"A very swift one; at the end of the hollow."

By the hollow he means the hollow in the high bank of the valley, which forms a sort of bay, in which they had landed, and by reason of which the ford had been established here.

"Let us go down to it," cries Hay.

"You are only losing time needlessly; you will never see that gentleman again," says the herdsman.

"We must make what search we can for him," cries Hay.

He and Hamilton follow the river down to the end of the bay. It impinges directly on the clay cliff, which here presents a perpendicular face, and flows along it in many a swirl and eddy, and with excessive swiftness.

"It is a dangerous bit of water, and he was an old man, and he was swimming in his clothes," says the herdsman, who holds so strongly to the belief that the absent man is dead and drowned for certain; and the sight of that rushing rapid causes the two young Englishmen to think that it must be so "for certain" too. But they have a natural feeling against going away from the place too soon, against coming to that conclusion too hastily.

"Cannot we continue our way down the river? He may have got to shore lower down," says Hay.

"It would take you a long time to mount the cliff, and you could not keep along the edge of it continuously, it is so cut up by ravines; and as you would have to go round each one of these it would take you one hour to get down half a mile," say the herdsman.

They turn sorrowfully back. And these swiftly passing moments are of the utmost value to them, and they have really spent a good deal of time—as was subsequently to appear, too much—in the search.

"His body is now a mile from this, and his soul with God," says one of the herdsman as they begin to retrace their steps.

"He was not a bad chap after all," says young Hamilton. And that was the dirge or requiem of poor old Peter Brodie. Most of us will have as short a one.

"Let us move on, let us move; we have no time to lose," cries Hay, after they have rejoined the others, and he has said briefly, "I am afraid poor Dr. Brodie is drowned"—anxious to prevent the ladies from dwelling on the event; and he hurries them away from the river-bank.

The sisters cast a horrified glance over the dim expanse of the river, guilty of many a death, as they turn away from it.

The pathway runs for a long way up a narrow ravine and then ascends to the level of the country above. Here the fierce-faced herdsman are to leave them.

"Follow this track, taking no other, neither to the right hand nor the left, and

it will bring you to the metalled road. That goes straight to Abdoolapore. Or, if there are any twists and turnings in it, no other metalled road crosses it, so you cannot miss your way."

"Ver goot! Haw! To you we mosh oblige! Haw!" is the way in which we might try to give some idea of the little Hindostanee sentence in which Major Fane endeavors to convey to the drovers, who have proved so much more kindly than their looks, his sense of the obligation he and the others lie under to them. Major Fane was a kind of man not likely to have much intercourse with the people of the country or to consider it worth his while to acquire a proper conversational command of their language. But Major Coote liked the natives, and his shooting excursions had brought him into close and constant intercourse with them.

He thanks the herdsman in better terms.

"We have nothing to pay you with just now," he is adding (in India you never carry money about the person), when one of them, the most predatory looking rascal of the lot, says:—

"We want nothing of you. We would not take anything from you."

"But we should like to make you some return for the great kindness we have received at your hands."

"Well, sir, we earn our living in various ways, as our forefathers did before us; and some of these ways are not approved of by your police officers and magistrates. If you would send us a certificate stating that we had helped you, it might perhaps be of service to some of us in the day of trouble."

"We will send you that and something else to remember us by," says Coote. "But to whom are we to address it? I know the name of your village."

"Address it to me—to Dholuk Singh." And then, after more thanks, leave is taken of these rough, thieving herdsman, from whom they had expected to receive so much injury and had met with so much kindness.

The moon has now risen, and the path runs clear before them. Many other pathways cross or leave it, but none of them confuse them—they differ so much in character from the one they have been enjoined to follow, or run so obviously out of their way. But now the pathway enters a dhâk jungle and winds about so much as to cause them to lose their direction. In the middle of an open space, ringed round with trees, beyond which

they cannot see, the pathway suddenly divides into three, all three of the same size, and all going very much in the same direction. Which are they to take? "The middle one," says Hay unhesitatingly; the herdsmen had told them to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. While they are debating they are very much surprised to see two natives appear before them; they seem to have risen up out of the ground, which, in a certain sense, is indeed the case. For these were two thieves who were on their way to Khizrabad, which they thought would just now prove an admirable field for the exercise of their skill. They had been moving conspicuously across the middle of the open space, when they had seen a large party enter upon that little amphitheatre through its surrounding wall of trees. They had immediately squatted themselves down behind a little bush, not higher than an ordinary chair, but which afforded them all the concealment they needed. They had then brought their keen hearing to bear on finding out who these people might be. It soon informed them.

"*Feringhee log*" (English people).

"Yes."

"From Khizrabad."

"So."

"Making for Abdoolapore."

"So."

"Too many to rob."

"So."

They watch them until they come to the divergence of the pathways.

"They do not know the way."

"No."

"We will lead them into Khizrabad and claim the reward offered for their apprehension."

"So."

He is a fellow of few words, of monosyllables, not a man of glib tongue like his companion; he supplies in their confederacy the brute force, the other supplies the brains. As they get near the English people they make them a deep salaam.

"Which of these pathways will take us to the road that runs towards Abdoolapore, crossing the Jumna by a ferry a little way from here?" asks Hay.

"That is the one," says the artful glib-tongued member of the thievish brotherhood, pointing to the glimmering line that runs away to the right.

"That one!" exclaims Hay, in a tone of astonishment. "Why, that one runs south, and Abdoolapore lies to the north of us!"

"Oh, it winds about a good deal. It

has many turns and twists in it. We ourselves are making for the road you want. Our village lies by the side of it. You have only to accompany us. We are in a hurry to reach our home; the night is advancing." And he and the other man move along the pathway he had indicated. The English folks follow, though Hay keeps looking up at the moon and exclaiming, "Extraordinary! most extraordinary! We keep facing the moon and she ought to be to the right of us."

Then the glib-tongued thief places himself by Hay's side and enters into conversation with him. His speech is fluent and polished to a degree that appears very surprising in a common villager, as he seems to be. This attracts Hay's attention.

"Your tongue is very clean. You speak well."

"I was servant to a very learned man for many years — ten years — from the age of fourteen to that of twenty-two. He taught me to read and write. I suppose you honorable gentlemen have been forced to leave Khizrabad owing to the unfortunate circumstances of yesterday?" he goes on glibly.

"Yes."

"How disgracefully and how foolishly these sepoys have behaved by being unfaithful to their salt, and throwing away their means of livelihood."

"Yes; most wickedly and foolishly. It seems to me that we are going due south."

"A twist in the pathway. I suppose you do not hold, sir, that the rule of the English has been overturned, and that of the nuwâb sahib re-established forever as the people are saying?"

"No. I do not see that the pathway twists, and we are steadily going south."

"We honest people prefer the rule of the English."

"I should say we were going in the direction of Khizrabad."

"There have been terrible doings there. All the Christian people have been killed and their houses plundered and burnt; even women and children have been slain. Oh, Lord! that there should be such wicked people in this world; thieves, and robbers, and murderers, deceivers, and betrayers, traffickers in human blood."

"The moon is still full face to us."

"But we are great lovers of the English."

"You understand what road we want to get to? You are quite sure that this pathway leads to it?"

"Oh, yes. But the road lies a good way off, and the windings of the pathway make the distance longer."

They move for some time in another and denser dhāk jungle, where it is impossible to take any note of the points of the compass. But at length they pass out from it on to a broad, open, barren plain. And now the smooth-tongued thief hastens to ply Hay with questions. Which was his regiment? How had he escaped from Khizrabad? Where had he passed the preceding night—and this day?

As they cross the open plain Hay catches sight of a great depression in the land to the right. He loses sight of it again as they pass across a freshly broken-up track, where the poorly cultivated, clod-laden fields, having around them thin, miserable fences to keep out the antelope, alternate with patches of ancient scrub. Then the appearance of groves begins to indicate that they are entering on a more fertile, or longer cultivated, tract. And the glimmering lights and the barking of dogs begins to indicate the vicinity of villages. And Hay remarks that all the lights glimmer, and the barks sound to the left, and not to the right of him; a void space seems to lie in that direction, and now again he seems to be looking into it.

"What is that?" he asks of the talking thief, interrupting him in the midst of his glib discourse.

"That! What?"

"That hollow; that lower ground to the right."

"It is some lower ground. Yes, to-day those villainous, evil-minded sepoys have been acting as if the whole place belonged to them; they have been abusing the respectable inhabitants; no respectable woman dare show herself in the streets; they have been compelling the shopkeepers to sell to them at their own prices—sometimes they do not pay them at all. It is an evil state of things. The rogues and rascals have it all their own way. Honest people——"

"Of what stream is that the valley? I see the glimmer of water."

"Oh, of the Hindun. Honest people go in fear of their lives."

"*The Hindun!*" cries Hay. "Why, that is some eight miles from the Jumna. We could not have come that distance yet."

The Hindun is the first great affluent of the Jumna after it leaves its parent mountain. It joins it just below Khizrabad, and so makes it navigable from that point downward.

"Oh, the two rivers make a great bend and come together very near here; the edges of their lowlands are only about three miles apart. You will see that the edge of the valley of the river will be near us only for a short way. The bend is a very sharp one."

There must certainly be a very sharp bend in the course of the river, or in the run of the pathway, for they suddenly find themselves at the very edge of the depression or valley, with the shining stream flowing close beneath them, and then but a few paces further on and they have turned their faces away from it, and the high, tree-covered table-land lies before them.

But the sight of the flowing water has been enough for Hay.

"This is the Hindun itself—the river," he says to the nimble-tongued thief.

"Yes, the river itself."

"How comes it then that we are looking down stream? If we were on the bank of the Hindun and had it on our right-hand side, we should have the stream flowing towards us and not away from us. We should be looking up stream."

"We were looking up stream just now."

"No, we were not. Are you sure this is not the valley of the Jumna? You villain! you know it is. You are conducting us back to Khizrabad," and he seizes the man by the shoulder; but the thief slips out of his grasp by a practised wriggle.

"If we could only have got you round this corner it would have been all right. We should have got you to the first outpost where the nuwāb's troops are stationed. Good-bye!" and he darts away, his heels as nimble as his tongue, and his confederate follows him.

"The scoundrels!" cries Hay. "They wanted to deliver us up to the nuwāb for the sake of the reward. They would have made a good sum by us."

There is nothing to be done now but retrace their steps. The smooth-tongued rascal had inflicted a very great injury on them; he had robbed them of some of the precious hours of the night, he had robbed them of much of their physical strength—and the ladies, unaccustomed to walking, more accustomed to riding in a carriage, needed the whole of their available stock of it for the work of the night. How wearisome, how profitless seems their journey back to the point from which they had been misled! That needless waste of time and strength depresses their spirits. Indeed, had it not been for this misleading they would probably have reached

Abdoolapore the next morning, and this narrative been the shorter. This time they follow the middle one of the three divergent pathways, and it conducts them all right to the public highway. They move much more quickly along the smooth, metalled highroad, not only because of its smoothness, but because their hearts are lighter at the thought that they have now, as it were, got grasp of the line connecting them with the haven of safety. Hope will make even a rough road smooth. The only drawback is that they have now entered on a highly cultivated, and therefore densely populated tract. The villages and hamlets are everywhere around them, their positions indicated by the twinkling of lights, the barking of dogs. But luckily they come to none lying immediately on the road. And this is the time of the night when the villagers are all gathered together in their villages, and are smoking their hooqas and enjoying a little bit of friendly gossip before lying down on their carpets, or rude bedsteads, out in the open air.

But still Major Coote enjoins strict silence as they move along in the shadow of the tall trees bordering the road. Then the cultivated tract comes to an end, and they launch from its sharp edge on to a barren plain, whose wide, level expanse, with the moonbeams glittering on the saline efflorescence with which it is covered, makes it look like a great lake or sea. And when they have advanced on to the plain they have nothing but its glimmering surface around them, and nature seems reduced to its elements of earth and sky. In the absence of everything else the moonlight seems to take solid form; the silvery lustre seems palpable. There is nothing for their eyes to rest on, unless, indeed, they look up and let them rest, awed and delighted, on the majestic orb speeding in solitary grandeur across the vault of the sky. There is no longer need for the fugitives to keep together in a compact body. They separate into couples. Some of them prefer to walk on the flat surface of the plain rather than on the road. William Hay and Beatrice are walking together, she asking him tenderly about his wound. The husband and wife are walking together, side by side, as they have not walked since that long ago when they were first engaged. The feeling of close relationship which in ordinary and commonplace times is apt to become ordinary and commonplace, too, is vivified in times of trial. The reviving and strength-

ening of such bonds is the gain of loss, the good of ill, the jewel in the head of the ugly toad adversity. And young Hamilton is walking by the side of Lilian, who finds the surface of the plain more pleasant to her stockinged feet — she had lost her shoes in the Jumna — than the hard, metalled surface of the road or its dusty sides. And Major Coote trudges along by himself, lamenting only that he has not a cigar to smoke.

And so they move on talking, or silent in unspoken communion. And so they toil slowly on one way, while the great orb is speeding the other. And now the shore, the edge of another fertile grove and hamlet-covered tract, looms up before them, and they have reached the end of the barren, sea-like plain. Once more is there a line of tall, umbrageous trees on either side of the road; once more do the groves, and villages, and hamlets loom in dark masses. But the position of the latter is no longer indicated by the twinkling of lights and the barking of dogs, for the barren plain was a very wide one, and had taken them long to cross, and it was now the dearest time of the night, the time of deepest repose for nature and for man, the hours between midnight and morn. Now was not heard the voice of beast or bird, of hyæna or of jackal, of nightjar or of owl. Save for the vivid moonlight the pulse of nature stood still. There is a chilliness in the air. They suffer from the cold of the night, as they have suffered from the heat of the day; feel it the more because of that heat, feel it the more because of their wet garments drenched through in the passage of the river. As they seat themselves on the masonry platform of a well by the side of the road to rest themselves, they lament that they have not brought with them something wherewith to draw the water, because they are suffering also a great deal from thirst. (When the cultivator goes to the well in order to water his fields he takes his own huge leathern bucket and long, thick rope, just as he takes his own pair of bullocks, and each person coming to a well draws the water for himself by means of his own line and lotah, or brass drinking vessel.) Looking at their watches, they see that it is a little after two o'clock. We have passed, therefore, from the fifth to the sixth day of our tale. But, in order to chronicle events in the due order of time, we must now go back to the fourth day, the memorable Monday, the day of the outbreak, instead of on with the sixth.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
AN IRISH LANDLORD.*

To say of the subject of this memoir that he was one of the most extraordinary men of his own generation, is to say little. We should doubt if the history of the world has many such to show; many, that is, whose strength of will has achieved so complete a triumph over equally grave physical defects, and who have excelled in all bodily exercises requiring force, dexterity, and agility, without those members of the human frame in which these qualities principally reside. That ships should fly over the water without sails, or chariots over the land without horses, could hardly have seemed more incredible to our ancestors than that a man should be an indefatigable sportsman who had neither arms nor legs, and should ride to hounds, pursue and kill game, and land a thirty-pound salmon as well as those who had both. Yet such, and a great deal more besides, was Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, one of the best specimens of the old race of Irish landlords which survived down to our own time, with all their many virtues, and none of their numerous vices; who ruled his willing tenants with a mixture of feudal and patriarchal authority; and afterwards, when evil times and evil tongues had come between them, showed himself one of the wisest counselors, and most liberal and disinterested reformers to whom either his distracted countrymen or their equally distracted rulers could have had recourse for assistance and advice.

Kavanagh was born on the 25th March, 1831, at Borris House, in the County Carlow, of a family which, according to his present biographer, could trace their origin to a line of kings, and "if grey-haired old is in aught to be believed," to Nimrod himself. However this may be, we are justified in believing that the direct ancestor of the Kavanaghs of Borris was Dermot MacMurrough, king of Leinster in the middle of the twelfth century. One of his intermediate progenitors was that Art MacMurrough who, on his famous black horse the "tree-leaper," defied the whole power of Richard II. The old crown and charter horn were preserved at Borris down to the year '98, when they were removed for safety to Dublin Castle. When the rebellion was over and the Kavanagh of the day claimed them, the horn, "a large fluted cornucopia of ivory,

mounted in brass, and resting on a brass eagle, was restored, and is still an heirloom at Borris House." But the diadem was nowhere to be found. Had the Kavanaghs been Home Rulers, they would doubtless have declared that this relic of Irish independence had been stolen by the myrmidons of Pitt. Some similar accident was vulgarly supposed to have befallen the Scottish regalia after the Act of Union, which, however, was ultimately discovered in its proper place in the year 1818. Rumors reached Ireland of the lost crown having been seen by somebody at Toulouse, but no more has since been heard of it. The head of the family, who took the king's side in the civil war, and successfully defended Borris House against the rebels, was Brian Kavanagh, who was lucky enough to save his estate notwithstanding. His lineal male descendant, Thomas Kavanagh, sat for the city of Kilkenny in the last Irish Parliament, and for the County Carlow after the Union. He, too, stood a siege in '98, and was equally successful in raising it. He married for his second wife Lady Harriet Margaret Le Poer Trench, daughter of Richard, second Earl of Clancarty, and left three sons, of whom the youngest, Arthur, ultimately succeeded, in the year 1854, to the family estates.

Mrs. Steele, who has now given his journals and correspondence to the world, was his first cousin, and she has executed her task with all that success which her knowledge of the man and her close connection with his family were calculated to ensure. Something more might have been wished for of rather fuller detail as to the means whereby Kavanagh enabled himself to set organic imperfections at defiance which would have consigned the majority of mankind to their armchairs for life. In following him through a series of exploits both as a traveller and a sportsman, which would have done credit to men of the most perfect physical conformation, we are puzzled at every step to understand how they were performed. That Mrs. Steele should not have supplied this information ought not perhaps to surprise us, as the full interest of such particulars may only be apparent to those who themselves hunt, shoot, and fish. But, for the benefit of that large class of readers who would only be tantalized by Kavanagh's descriptions unless in possession of the key to them, we shall in due course supplement the narrative of our authoress with such explanations as are necessary. In every other respect the book is most interesting, writ-

* The Right Hon. Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh. A Biography. By his Cousin, Sarah L. Steele. Macmillan & Co. London: 1891.

ten in an agreeable style, and full of picturesque effects; altogether a worthy tribute to one of Ireland's best gentlemen. We have also, we presume, to congratulate Dr. Steele, her husband, on the wealth of classical scholarship displayed in the headings of the chapters. His mottoes and allusions are always welcome and often felicitous.

Arthur, as we have seen, was born in 1831, and all that we hear about his bodily condition is told in a letter from Mrs. Bruen to Mrs. Steele, describing him as she remembers him in her childhood, when she first made his acquaintance in 1839. He was sent to school in that year to the Rev. Samuel Greer, curate of Celbridge, in Kildare,

partly in order to be within reach of the great Dublin surgeon, Sir Philip Crampton, whose rare professional skill it was hoped might devise some mechanism to make up for what had been denied him in physical development. This must have been a most trying ordeal to his fine unselfish nature, so light-hearted as he was, so grandly submissive in his sense of privation. Much pain, great discomfort, and continual disappointment were all that came of it, borne, however, so uncomplainingly that one must feel they were not the only result; while the sympathy from us his child-friends, so gladly and lovingly received by him, drew him nearer to us than aught else could have done.

As he could not go to a public school or university, travelling became his education, and thoroughly well the work was done. Accordingly in October, 1846, the whole party, consisting of Arthur, his mother Lady Harriet, his sister Harriet, his brother Tom, and their tutor, the Rev. David Wood, set out for Egypt, intending to follow the track of the Israelites to the Holy Land. Arthur was now only in his sixteenth year. But his letters show that, as is often the case with boys laboring under physical disabilities, he was older in mind than his contemporaries.

Riding was necessarily a part of his education as a child, and he was taught it, we believe, by the local doctor. But he had now also learned to shoot. "Lord Morton has lent Arthur a gun," his brother Tom writes home from Rhoda, "with which he has shot a great many wild geese, ducks, and snipe. He shoots much better than Mr. Wood, who began about the same time he did, and can hit a bird flying quite well. His shooting is quite as wonderful as his riding. He is also the only one of the party who can speak Arabic, which he does perfectly."

Kavanagh was always extremely fond of animals, which showed itself in various ways. On the return journey they rode across the desert from Jerusalem to Cairo, and bought their horses at Beyrout. Kavanagh bought one for himself for seventeen hundred piastres, and thus describes him:—

He has a true Arab mark on his ear, and every one that I have shown him to says that, if not entirely, he is very nearly, pure Arab breed. He stands about fifteen hands, has a beautiful head and fine ear, long nose, almost a milk-white coat shining like glass, his limbs are fine without a puff, his eye and the expression of his countenance fiery, yet sweet—an odd phrase to use about a horse; but I do not know any other which expresses what I want so well. He is the admiration of everybody here. Mamma even thinks he will be worth taking home.

This, however, was not to be; and he sold him at Cairo.

Poor beast [he exclaims] I cried the day I left him. He knew me so well! He used to lick my face when I came out of the tent in the morning to see him; and at the luncheon-time, in the heat of the day, when I used to sit under him for shade, he would put his head between his front legs to take a bit of bread, without moving, for fear of hurting me.

His habit of riding alone strapped to the saddle was not without its danger, as once on a runaway horse his girth gave way, and the saddle turned round with Kavanagh attached to it. Of course he could not disengage himself, and was found afterwards lying insensible by the side of the horse, which had providentially stopped. During the rebellion of 1848, when he was not quite eighteen, he used to ride out at night by himself and reconnoitre the rebel outposts. Once he was discovered, and only escaped from the enemy's cavalry by going straight across country at a speed which would soon have distanced his pursuers, even could they have jumped the fences which Kavanagh's hunter "Bunny" cleared like a bird. It was the same with hounds. He rode as hard as any man out, and once led the field over a fence at which they all craned.

But it is time we returned to his travels. He had hardly been at home twelve months when he and his brother Tom, who had just attained his majority, started off again, this time intending to travel in a south-easterly direction through Scandinavia and Russia *via* St. Petersburg, down the Volga, and across the Caspian to Persia, and so by Kurdistan, the Tigris, and the Persian Gulf to Bombay. It is the

journal kept by Kavanagh during this expedition which forms the most interesting part of Mrs. Steele's volume, as it illustrates in the most graphic manner those moral qualities and those acquired physical powers which are sure to excite the liveliest public curiosity.

They sailed from Astrakhan in a government steamer on the 27th of September, and landed at the village of Gazaw, on the south shore of the Caspian, on the 9th of October. After a perilous journey across the mountains, they descended into the plains again, and Kavanagh, taking a prowl with his gun, found some grouse, of which he got one. On the twenty-second they rode into Teheran, and were hospitably entertained at the British Embassy, where they stayed for about three weeks. The discomforts they seem to have undergone on their journey—from dirt, scarcity of provisions, bad lodgings, and the hostility of the natives—must have been severe; and soon after their arrival at Teheran Kavanagh was attacked with fever, which he did not quite get rid of for more than a month. He got as far as Tabriz, about half-way on his road to Tiflis, and there was obliged to stop, being taken care of by a Persian prince, "A very nice fellow, quite civilized in all his ways and ideas, and a great sportsman." The first day he was well enough to go out hunting with him; but a capital European dinner, at which the champagne flowed like water, caused a relapse, and as the patient evidently required careful nursing, he was lodged in the harem under the care of an old black slave, who became very much attached to him, and introduced him to the ladies.

They seem to have been pleased with their young guest, whose society was perhaps an agreeable change for them; and they told him many stories of their early lives which he found deeply interesting. They described to him how they had been carried off; and one—"a beautiful fair-haired Armenian"—awoke in him that pity, which might soon have become more than pity, by the picture which she drew of her own home, and her longing to return to it. By the third week in January, however, he was well enough to leave his Capua, and started with his brother for Urumiah *en route* for Bagdad. Crossing the lake of Urumiah, they stopped at an island for a day's shooting, being told that it swarmed with game. Why is it that this particular falsehood has such a fascination for liars in every part of the known world? Tom and his brother

started in the snow, each taking different directions, and returning, half frozen, with empty bags. Arthur found a few coveys of red-legged partridges, but could not get near them. Quitting Urumiah, the travellers were now in Kurdistan, and at Vasje Bulah were entertained by the khan, whom he describes as one of the handsomest men he ever saw. He was much struck, indeed, with the fine persons and picturesque costumes of the men in general; but among the lower orders he found that plunder was the ruling motive. In fact they are a nation of freebooters, though standing in wholesome awe, says Kavanagh, of "a copper cap." While staying here he tried one of the tributaries of the Tigris for wild duck. After a long trot and a good freezing, he succeeded in bagging a couple.

On the nineteenth they set off again, through bitterly wintry weather, up and down steep hills, and every now and then tumbling into deep ravines hidden by the snowdrifts. Once they were obliged to pass the night in such a place, consoling themselves with a roast fowl and two bottles of port. The next day Tom and Arthur take another tramp with their guns, and bring in a leash of snipe.

In this fashion they gradually made their way to the town or village of Riaz, where they found quarters at the inn. But the next morning when they were ready to set out they found the gate of the courtyard locked against them, the landlord refusing to open it till they had paid a large sum of money. The only reply of the two Irishmen was to draw their pistols and inform the gentleman that if he did not open the gate in five seconds they would blow his brains out. He then said he would take half. A pistol was levelled at his head, and the gate flew open at once. The glitter of those copper caps was too much for him. But they were not out of the wood, *alias* the village, yet. The armed villagers were now about to shut them in, when Kavanagh himself, suddenly pushing his horse into the open gateway, held it, rifle in hand, till the whole party had passed through.

On the road towards Mosul or Mosoul, the two brothers made a detour of eighteen miles to visit the ruins of Nineveh. They coursed and killed two hares on the plains once trodden by Semiramis, and Tom shot a brace of partridges near the bridge of Nimrod.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

At Mosul the party dined with Mr.

Layard, and then dropped down the Tigris on a raft to Bagdad. While at Bagdad Kavanagh made an excursion to Babylon (Hillah), and then to the Tower of Babel, the seat of his ancestors. They cantered back to dine at their hotel in the city of Nebuchadnezzar, and reached Bagdad the next morning.

We need not follow the travellers step by step in their journey southward. They had at first intended to penetrate as far as Cashmere; but ultimately contented themselves with a sporting expedition in the neighborhood of Aurangabad. They found plenty of smaller game, and made good bags of partridge, quail, hare, and peacock. In deer-stalking they were not very successful; but they had unusually good luck with the tigers. Kavanagh killed two. But as he was mounted on an elephant, there is less to wonder at in this than in his expeditions after smaller game.

Thomas Kavanagh, the "Tom" of the journal, died in 1852, and his next brother, Charles, in 1854, when Arthur, at the age of twenty-three, succeeded to the family estate. In the following year he married his cousin, Miss Mary Leathley, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Inde Leathley, rector of Termonfeckin, County Louth, and took up his position as a country gentleman at Borris. Before, however, we enter upon a new phase of his career, it may be well to finish what we have already begun—the record, namely, of his life as a sportsman. After his marriage he paid more than one visit to the Mediterranean in his yacht for the sake of the shooting in Albania, and while there met with an accident which illustrates the strength of his nerves more powerfully than anything in the book. The story is told by his wife.

At Avalona only one horse could be procured for him, and that a mere bag of bones. Starting on this wretched beast to a covert where pig were reported to be, he was accompanied by the Greek beater and the sailors, while I walked close behind him. It was most unusual for him to ride near the rest of the party, for generally he preferred to keep quite away from them, as by doing so he had a better chance of shots. We had not gone far up a very steep mountain path, where every now and then the horse, ever responsive to his call, had to spring up rocky steps fit only for goats, when just as he reached a spot with a precipice at one side many hundred feet down to the sea, the horse attempted one of these jumps, failed, and rolled over the brink. A small cactus bush, about ten feet below, checked his farther fall, and Arthur quite calmly called to the sailors to unstrap him from the saddle. This they did, being

able to climb down where few others could have ventured, and hoisted him up the path, while the poor horse rolled down and was instantaneously killed. This did not shake Arthur's nerve in the least, for next day he rode over a still more impracticable mountain, and distanced all his party, till at last I overtook him, though in doing so the sharp rocks had cut through the soles of my boots, and I was almost barefoot.

We have quoted this passage in order to show the extraordinary coolness and self-possession of the man; but his fishing and shooting are more remarkable than his riding. Thrashing a Norway river with a heavy salmon-rod for hours together must have taxed his powers most severely. But as the same delicate play of the wrist which is necessary to hook a trout is not required for a salmon, who will usually impale himself, Kavanagh's success on the Borris brook and the Westmeath lakes is even more strange than his achievements on the Pasvig. On this river he one day killed eight salmon to his own rod, averaging more than twenty pounds apiece. His largest was a thirty-six-pounder.

It is time, however, that we satisfied the reader's curiosity with regard to the mode in which Kavanagh executed these and other sporting feats. He could not only shoot; he was a very good and very quick shot—in cover as well as in the open. He was not only an angler, but an expert one, as well able to strike a trout as any fisherman on the Kennet or the Test. The secret of it was that by constant practice he had trained limbs, which extended only a few inches from the shoulder, to do almost all the work of full-grown arms and hands. Though a square-built man, he could make them meet across his chest, and so tightly that it was impossible to take a sixpence from between them. He had no hooks or other appliances whatever. In shooting he carried a gun without any trigger-guard, a most dangerous practice, it must be owned, though Kavanagh never had an accident. When he wanted to fire, he threw his gun across the left stump, and supported the stock and touched the trigger with his right. It must have taken him a long time to acquire the knack of swinging himself round so as to get in line with a bird or a hare going straight from him. But his indomitable perseverance overcame this as it did all other difficulties. In the accounts which he himself gives of his shooting in Persia and Mesopotamia, we must always understand that he is shooting from horse-

back; and as this is the almost invariable custom of the natives, he would have had no difficulty in procuring a shooting pony. When fishing from the banks of a stream, he always rode, and the reader will now be able to comprehend how he managed to communicate that motion to his rod which is technically called striking, and is generally done with the wrist.

In riding and hunting, his saddle was a kind of basket in which he was properly secured, the bridle-reins being lashed round what we may as well call his arms, and his hunting-whip thrust under the straps, close to his side; and such was the suppleness and strength of the limb at this point, that by an energetic side movement he could punish a horse as heavily as any ordinary rider. "Magpie" knew this. Magpie was a hunter with a temper; and an eye-witness has described to us what a "leathering," as he termed it, he once saw administered by his master to this fractious quadruped. The unconquerable will, the iron nerve, the dauntless courage exhibited by Kavanagh, first in acquiring, and afterwards in exercising, these faculties, which, from the circumstances of his birth, would have seemed to be absolutely denied to him, as they cannot fail to excite the respect and admiration of the world, must be a source of pride to his own family, who will recognize hereafter in the bold sportsman and adventurous traveller, victorious over such formidable odds, the addition of another hero to the race which has produced so many.

Kavanagh was likewise a capital seaman, and even after he had given up all other outdoor pleasures still clung to his yacht. He had studied navigation scientifically, and the description of a yacht-race, quoted by Mrs. Steele from the "Cruise of the Eva," which Kavanagh published five-and-twenty years ago, shows what an enthusiast he was:—

The G., fair reader, is, I think, as pretty a yacht as I would wish to see; and I would not deserve the name of even half a sailor if I did not love and admire my own. It now came on to blow harder. "Up main tack, ease down the throat and peak halyards a foot or so!" This manœuvre eased her considerably, and we began to draw ahead, but had arranged before we started that at eight o'clock we were to show a light each to determine our relative positions then. Accordingly, as eight bells went, we showed our light, and had the satisfaction of being answered by our adversary—well astern!

This was in November, 1862, on his

way to Albania for the woodcocks, and he stayed in the Mediterranean till the following March. Returning to Ireland in April, he first began to think seriously of public life, though it was not till three years afterwards that a vacancy occurring in the representation of Wexford enabled him to enter the field. In the mean time we may take a look at him at Borris, in the discharge of his duties as a landlord, a country gentleman, and a local ruler and administrator.

Mrs. Kavanagh entered most warmly into all his projects for the good of his tenants and laborers, and the improvement of his property; and the first object of their care was the village of Borris itself. Always highly picturesque, the little hamlet now became neat and comfortable as well. Cabins were turned into cottages. The walls were covered with creepers, and employment found for the women and children incompatible with the fixity of tenure hitherto enjoyed by the pig. Lady Harriet Kavanagh, when she accompanied her son to the Mediterranean, had been much struck with the specimens of old Greek lace which she found at Corfu. She brought some home with her, and having altered it to suit the fashion of the day, taught the mothers and daughters of the village to copy it. Under the superintendence of Mrs. Kavanagh they attained a high degree of skill and "Borris lace" soon became well known for its beautiful designs and delicate workmanship, not surpassed in its own style by any of the "cottage industries of Ireland."

But even in the improvement of this little community, which lay at his very gates, he was encountered by the same obstacles which on a much larger scale exist throughout two-thirds of Ireland—the long leases held by peasant farmers, who resented interference and despised comfort. It is little known to the declaimers against English landlords to how great an extent the improvement of English cottages has been hindered by similar impediments. The traveller or tourist, as he rides, drives, or walks through many parts of rural England, comes across mud-hovels, with the windows tumbling out of their casements, the doors off their hinges, the chimneys in ruins, and the whole building infinitely inferior to the cow-house of a well-to-do farmer; and he forthwith launches out into diatribes against the squirearchy, and very likely writes to the newspapers to denounce their wickedness. A little inquiry on the spot would have taught him that the squirearchy had

no more to do with these tenements than he had himself; that the people who lived in them owned them, and would not allow them to be touched. Kavanagh, however, succeeded in time both at Borris and also on his Kilkenny property at Ballyragget, where, in a feudal castle embosomed in groves of beech, lime, and ilex, and watered by the winding Nore, is said to have been passed the "careless childhood" of Ann Boleyn.

But Kavanagh's conception of his duties did not stop here. In the true spirit of the feudal proprietor who built wharves, bridges, mills, market-places, etc., for the use of his vassals, he brought a railway from Bagnalstown to Borris, at a cost of £5,000 to himself, besides the fourteen miles of land which were a free gift. In 1862 he saw what might be done by utilizing the water-power of the Borris brook. He accordingly built a sawmill, to which he afterwards added turning-lathes, and enabled his people to accept contracts from English cotton factories for supplies of bobbins, the materials for which he furnished from his own woods. Well might Sir Charles Russell describe him as a landlord of landlords. He took a great interest in the question of replanting Ireland, but was prevented by still more urgent calls upon him from bringing any scheme before the public. Had he done so, it would probably have been much misrepresented — who can gauge the mingled credulity and suspiciousness of democracies? When suggested in parts of Wales, the plan was at once denounced a game-preserver's dodge in disguise.

In 1862 Kavanagh was appointed chairman of the New Ross Board of Guardians, and one of his first acts was proof of that liberality of sentiment which he afterwards displayed upon the land question. At this time in the Union workhouse there were three or four hundred Roman Catholics, to only five or six of other denominations. But the former had no chapel, and mass was celebrated in the dining-hall, sometimes before the meals were cleared away. When a chapel was proposed, the Guardians objected to the expense, but were at once overruled by Kavanagh, and the chapel was built, being "the first of its kind in Ireland."

We have heard that Kavanagh was rather respected than beloved by his tenantry, an assertion we should doubt. But be this as it may, they looked up to him and trusted him like a father; and down even to 1880 he had no reason to suppose that their feelings towards him were mate-

rially changed. In earlier and better days he lived among them and governed them after the fashion of Sir Roger de Coverley. He not only hunted with the Carlow and Kilkenny hounds, but kept also a pack of harriers of his own, and these on non-hunting days he always exercised before breakfast. With his after-breakfast cigar he was to be found every morning in the courtyard of the house, where, beneath an ancient oak standing in the middle of it, he sat to administer justice and judgment to all comers. Here came the farmers and the peasantry to ask advice in their difficulties, or to invoke arbitration in their quarrels. And he who has had any opportunity of studying the kind of grievances which the Irish peasantry are or were accustomed to bring before their landlords, can easily picture to himself the scene. The court was for the trial of civil as well as criminal cases, and his decision was accepted in disputes about property with as much readiness as in feuds arising out of broken heads or "splighted" ears.

This primitive tribunal was also a court of Hymen:—

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
But not for his coal-black wine.

The maiden's eyes regained their lustre, and the widow put off her weeds under the old oak-tree. Here, we may suppose, lovers' quarrels were adjusted, faithless swains admonished, and the *dulces Amaryllidis ira* restrained within proper bounds. Existing engagements were considered, and fresh ones planned, in consultation with the matrons of the village under the oaken canopy, and Tim's prospects on the land, or Nora's capacity for the dairy, duly examined and appraised by this experienced match-maker. We may call in the aid of a little imagination on such occasions. Yet if that old tree had been Tennyson's talking oak, such, or something very like them, are, we may reasonably suppose, the tales he would have had to tell us. "Old oak, I love thee well," must have been the burden of the song in many a rural mouth in the happy days before the flood.

We know not whether Kavanagh's system was unique or not, but we have never met with anything like Mrs. Steele's description of it. Of course wherever there is a territorial aristocracy there will be plenty of good landlords living and dying among their own people, advising them to the best of their ability in all the affairs of

life, adjusting their differences, helping them in time of trouble, and taking a lively and sympathetic interest in their social arrangements. It is Kavanagh's patriarchal court that is so interesting—his sitting in the gate, so to speak, like an Eastern caliph in his long black robe, and deciding the multifarious questions brought before him off-hand with autocratic authority. The courtyard of the old grey mansion, the venerable oak, which had witnessed two sieges, had seen Coote's Saxon pikemen break the ranks of the besiegers in 1641, and Kavanagh's yeomanly scattering the rebels like chaff in 1798; the peasant groups, male and female, assembled in its shadow, pleading their respective causes with all the humor and eloquence of their nation; all these accessories, which our fancy may embellish at will, add to the romance and picturesque-ness of the scene; but they can add nothing to the historical and practical significance of the work done there—a work which, had it always been performed in a similar spirit by the great body of Irish landlords, would have left England no Irish question to deal with. Kavanagh's devotion to the interests of his tenantry was rewarded by the consciousness that he possessed their entire confidence. Many of them on their deathbeds appointed him the guardian of their daughters, convinced that in his wisdom, integrity, and kindness lay the best possible securities for their future welfare.

But it was not only over serious business that the old oak stretched his hospitable arms. Here were distributed the Christmas beef and blankets; and when the poor for whom they were intended lived too far off to come to the trysting-tree themselves, Kavanagh used to carry out the doles himself, and was never happier than when, hoisted on to "Miss Nolan," a favorite brown mare, with innumerable packages strapped all round his saddle, he rode out of the courtyard, and set his face towards the mountains. In the summer time it saw another sight. Every Sunday after luncheon, the whole party staying in the house adjourned to the oak-tree, when Kavanagh, on Miss Nolan's back, and with his favorite terrier by his side, led them a long round by the junction of the brook with the river, through the woods and deer park, across the lawns, and so back in time for evening service in the chapel. At other times he would take the lead of a water party down the river to a fishing lodge which had been built upon its banks, "half hidden by

trees and half covered with roses," steering the boat himself, and the life and soul of the picnic which was part of the day's entertainment.

Kavanagh was fond of society; and such, we have been told was the intense individuality and power of the man, and the interest he inspired in all who came across him, that no one was five minutes in his company without forgetting all his peculiarities. When visitors came, he used to be brought into the room on the shoulders of his special body-servant. But if he desired a chat with any one at a distance, and the servant did not happen to be at hand, he would descend from his chair and cross the room unaided, by a succession of springs or jumps, keeping all the time an upright position. In the house he always wore a long black robe, which was exchanged for a white one in the saddle; and he used to be fond of representing his want of legs as a great advantage to him out hunting, because, if his horse came down, he had no limbs to be crushed under him. Thus he carried off all his defects with a good grace and a high spirit, and was bent upon demonstrating how little they prevented him from doing what other people did. At luncheon, for instance, there was always soup, and Kavanagh insisted on sitting at the bottom of the table and helping it himself, which we are assured he did most dexterously. He wrote a capital hand (if one may say so), and was an admirable amateur artist both with pencil and paint-brush.

There were many parts of Ireland in which the famine of 1846 and the rebellion of 1848 had not materially affected the relations between landlord and tenant. During the twelve or fifteen years immediately following these calamities, Ireland was steadily advancing in prosperity and contentment; and it was not till 1862, when Kavanagh had been in possession of the property for eight years that the spirit which had been arrested but not eradicated fourteen years before began to show itself again, and the low-muttered growl of Fenianism was borne upon the wind from America. It was longer still, however, before the effects of it were felt at Borris; and when Mr. Kavanagh decided in 1866 to come forward for the county of Wexford, he was supported at the poll by as loyal a body of tenantry as could be found in England. His opponent on this occasion was Mr., now Sir, J. Pope Hennessey, who found it vain to contend against the superior resources and local influence of

his adversary. In 1868 he was returned for Carlow unopposed, and held his seat till, in the general shipwreck which terminated Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, his vessel went down with many another gallant ship.

Kavanagh entered Parliament, as we have seen, in 1866. In the winter of that year the Fenian insurrection broke out, and Kavanagh victualled and fortified Borris against another siege. He resumed the solitary nocturnal rides which he had practised in 1848, and made himself well acquainted with the movements of the insurgents in his own neighborhood. Of course the Fenians in turn were equally on the watch for Kavanagh, and his approach was signalled by the scouts from hilltop to hilltop. In spite of these precautions, however, Kavanagh, by his knowledge of the country, and the jumping powers of his Irish hunter, succeeded in getting inside their outposts and taking his own observations without being caught, though the breakneck gallops to which he was frequently driven would have startled some of the best goers in the Quorn or Pytchley. It must have been grand fun for a daring rider like Kavanagh on a fine moonlight night,—over the stone walls, down the mountain-side, making the stones fly at every stride, across the brook, and through the swamp, till he had fairly baffled all pursuit, and could sit still and laugh at his ease.

When Kavanagh took his seat, we were on the eve of the political deluge which Lord Palmerston had predicted, and, of that immortal fight between the two great leaders of debate which will never be forgotten while parliamentary government survives. He took no part in the debates of 1867 and 1868, but he distinguished himself by one achievement,—he regained for members of the House of Commons the right of having their yachts moored in the river along the Houses of Parliament. He continued to be a silent member till April, 1869, when he spoke against a bill for extending the principle of Union chargeability to the Irish poor-law. Here he was on his own ground, probably knowing more about the subject than any other man in that House. At all events his speech was felt to be unanswerable, and the bill was rejected. He took no part, however, in the Irish Church debates of that year, though after the bill had become law he became the inspiring spirit of the Irish Church Committee on which his business talents and knowledge of finance were found invaluable. On other

Irish questions he was less retiring, and sometimes stood alone among Irish Conservatives in advocating changes then considered the exclusive note of Liberalism or Radicalism. He supported the famous compensation clause in Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, on the ground that it did no more than legalize the Ulster custom which had existed for centuries, without affecting the relations between landlord and tenant. In 1875 he supported the Sunday Closing Bill for Ireland, in the conviction that drunkenness and agitation were the two chief causes of the condition of Ireland, and that it was equally the duty of the government to repress both. There is, however, but little to record of Kavanagh's Parliamentary career. Considering how rarely he spoke, and that he never spoke at all on any question of first-rate importance, it is surprising what an impression he left behind him. It is the impression created by such men as Mr. Henley and Mr. Bouverie—men whose integrity, sagacity, and common sense raise them as much above the level of the rank-and-file as the leaders of parties are above themselves; who are in reality statesmen of the second rank, and practical administrators of the first.

In 1877 his eldest son came of age, and this was the last occasion in which he and his tenantry met together in the old spirit. Ten years sufficed to ripen the crop which was sown in 1870. Agitation, soon to culminate in such terrible disorders, was already practically triumphant. And the bond between landlord and tenant, who had once been so proud of each other, was dissolved forever. At the general election of 1880, the two Conservative candidates were at the bottom of the poll—Kavanagh, who fourteen years before had polled upwards of four thousand votes, obtained only seven hundred and ten. His own tenants, who had promised to support him, all turned against him, and lighted bonfires to celebrate his defeat. Yet these were the men whom he had loaded with benefits; on whose farms he had spent thousands of pounds without asking or expecting interest; to whose families, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, he had shown the most unwearied kindness; with whom he had lived and worked for a quarter of a century on terms of the greatest confidence and cordiality! When Kavanagh told the House of Commons, in 1875, that the Irish people with all their faults, were "not wanting in gratitude," he never thought he should live to see the day when all his good deeds at

Borris would be forgotten, and all his confidence in Irish sincerity and loyalty annihilated.

For Ireland, however, Kavanagh was able to do pretty nearly as much out of doors as he could have done in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 created a new sphere for his activity. He had supported such parts of the first Land Act as he thought, under existing circumstances, might be the lesser of two evils, thus showing himself no enemy to exceptional legislation when necessary. But the second he denounced in terms which carried conviction to every impartial mind. If we quote one passage from a speech made at the Rotunda on a phase of the question which has long since become ancient history, it is only because a disposition has been manifested to apply the same principle to the tithe question.

It has been announced [he said] that the rent is to be fixed, not according to the value of the land itself, but according to the capability of the occupying tenant to get value out of it. The extravagance of such a principle is too glaring to require comment. A holding may be of the best description, the land of the richest quality, with every facility for realizing its productiveness. It may be that these very facilities were conferred by the landlord's expenditure. But according to this new theory, if it be held by a drunkard, a thriftless, idle, or slovenly tenant, who fails to work the holding to profit, the landlord is to get nothing out of it. A direct premium is held out to all kinds of extravagance, by which it would not be difficult for the tenant to arrive at the stage of not paying any rent at all. . . .

We have another announcement not a whit less extraordinary in the case of a tenant holding a rich bit of meadow-land in the vicinity, I think, of the city of Limerick. It was proved that the land had been of considerable value from its fertility. But this went for nothing on the landlord's behalf, because it was proved for the tenant that by taking excellent crops off it year by year, without putting a single bit of manure on it, he had completely exhausted it. The rent was reduced to the value, I believe, to which the tenant had by his wanton and, I might almost say, his malicious conduct, deteriorated it.

Kavanagh was a member of the Bessborough Commission appointed in July, 1880, and he sent in a separate report which we have at full length in an appendix. It is extremely interesting, and testifies to the firm grasp of the subject which Kavanagh possessed, as well as to the breadth and liberality of his views, and the openness and flexibility of his mind. He thought that the act of 1870 did not give quite enough security to the tenant; and

though he was irreconcilably hostile to fixity of tenure, he thought that the principle of free sale might be further extended wherever it did not interfere with the claims of justice or with the moral authority of the landlord, to which he continued to attach great importance. To this end the landlord was to have "a veto on an objectionable incoming tenant," and in districts

where enormous sums had been spent by the landlords in improving their properties — on some few properties it has been proved that the English system exists in its purity, the landlords having made all the improvements — and on holdings where tenant right formerly existed and has been bought up by the landlord, instances of which have been proved — its extension or re-establishment would in my opinion be simple confiscation, and an unwarrantable and arbitrary interference with rights of property which the circumstances could in no sense justify.

His great work at this time, however, was the Land Corporation, of which he gave a full account in a letter to the *Times*, of June 24, 1882. On the 17th of March following, the company was registered, and the effect was instantaneous. The object of it was to counteract the operations of the League, and this it was proposed to do by the formation of a fund for the cultivation of derelict lands — lands, that is, for which the owner could find no occupier in consequence of League intimidation. The Corporation would either advance him the money wherewith to cultivate it himself, or take it off his hands and farm it for him. If necessary, they would buy it. It might be asked how they could procure labor; but it is to be noted that Kavanagh, in his Bessborough report, comments on the fact that the genuine agricultural laborer in Ireland had little in common with the farmers either small or great. There was therefore no difficulty on that score. The mere threat of handing over the land to the Corporation was often enough to bring the tenant to his senses; and in a letter to Mr. W. H. Smith in September, 1888, Kavanagh gives some examples of its working which inspire him with good hopes for the future. Tenants were beginning to come forward on several estates for the evicted farms, even on less favorable terms than were offered them in the beginning of the struggle. In fact all Kavanagh's belief in the possible regeneration of his country was founded on what he held to be an indisputable fact, namely, that there were two Irelands, of one of which the outside

world knew very little, and two sources of discontent, political and social, entirely distinct from each other. We have no space to quote his statement at any length, but it is of the greatest interest, taken in connection with the objections now raised to the Government Land Purchase Bill. He seems to have believed that if the pressure of intimidation was once taken off, the orderly classes would be found far more numerous than has been supposed, even among the lowest grades of the people; that they would show themselves amenable to reason, and ready to wait while the scheme in hand for creating a large class of yeoman proprietors was gradually working itself out. This is just what the critics of the bill deny, and what, judging only from past experience, it might seem difficult to believe. Yet Kavanagh had all the qualities required in a first-class witness,—complete knowledge of the subject, perfect honesty of purpose, and the sound judgment and powers of calculation which he had displayed in so eminent a degree in the management of his own estate. A resident Irish proprietor for thirty-five years, with all the sympathies, traditions, and prepossessions of his own order; the lineal descendant of an ancient and warlike race, with all the instincts of an aristocrat,—he was not likely to recommend anything calculated to subvert the system of which himself and his ancestors had been the creators and defenders, which had worked so beneficially in his own hands, and to which he himself was still devotedly attached.

We must suppose, therefore, that the great problem to be solved in connection with the Irish land question did not seem to him insoluble—and that is, how to combine the establishment of peasant-proprietors on a large scale with the maintenance of an order of landed gentry, which it is perfectly clear that Kavanagh had no thoughts of giving up. From an unpublished paper composed in 1883, from another written at the Carlton just after the election of 1886, and seen only by a few friends, and from the letter addressed to Mr. W. H. Smith in September, 1888, we may glean his general views, though it is impossible to say whether the particular difficulties foreseen by writers on the Irish question at the present moment had presented themselves to his mind. In England or in any other country where the growth of peasant-proprietorship is left to natural causes, the process is inevitably gradual, and creates no further disturbance in the land system of the country

than is necessary to promote a healthy circulation. The class above is constantly recruited from among the fittest of the class below. Such men are very likely to amass money, and to add acre to acre till they accumulate a small estate. Where the owners of land are miscellaneous, and buy it for a variety of reasons, there will always be sellers; and thus the danger of subdivision is counteracted as fast as it arises. But where a class of petty farmers is created by artificial means; where the growth is forced by State assistance; where the occupier is turned into an owner, not because he is fit to be a proprietor, but because he is unwilling to be a tenant; where the owners of the land would all belong to one class, with no other prospects in life than what is afforded by it,—the case is very different indeed. Under the one system the tendency is always towards consolidation, in the other towards subdivision. In the one there is change, variety, and progress; in the other immobility and stagnation.

Moreover, under the artificial system you do not get a picked class who have raised themselves by their own merits, and whose success nobody grudges. You get men with no claim to such good fortune beyond their fellows,—to which all, therefore, will seem equally entitled, and which all, therefore, will equally demand. Now it is a remarkable fact that while advocating a wide extension of the Land Purchase system, Kavanagh insisted on the necessity of its being gradual. Any sudden or sweeping change would, he thought, be very dangerous. It is plain, therefore, that he must either have overlooked such considerations as the aforesaid, or have thought such apprehensions groundless. No doubt there is this to be remembered, that all his ideas on the subject of land purchase were based on the indispensable condition that the orderly classes should be efficiently, universally, and permanently protected. But by these means he seems to have still thought it possible that the better class of sentiments surviving in the Irish people would have room secured for their expansion and development, till in time they had leavened the whole population, and made the trade of the agitator worthless. He reinforces this argument by referring to the efforts of the Land League to prevent tenants from buying, knowing that the general success of the Land Purchase Act would be fatal to themselves. But nothing could be done—he admitted that—unless the Irish people were convinced that they had

got to the bottom of England's concessions. "There is," he writes in 1886, "a growing belief in the minds of the tenants," based upon some speeches of Mr. John Morley, "that the powers of the State will not be much longer used to enforce payments of rent, and that by obtaining money from the State to purchase their holdings, they would be exchanging a liability which they would be forced to meet for one which they would not." Hence he sees the chief impediment to the working of any such scheme not more in the unwillingness of landlords to sell than in the unwillingness of tenants to buy, and talks of compulsion being applied to these last. Any way, however, we are only landed in this dilemma—namely, that if the tenant did jump at the proposal, there would be an ugly rush, and that if they hung back nothing would be done. But Kavanagh himself declined to be nailed to either of these alternatives. He believed that means might be found of inducing the tenants to purchase, without creating any dangerous discontent among those who were obliged to wait, without necessarily compelling the landlords to part with their estates, and, last but not least, without any financial risk to the State. The tenants must be convinced that they had no further concessions to expect. Subdivision might be guarded against by reserving to the State or the landlord some powers of intervention. The landlords, when they pleased, instead of parting with the fee-simple, might grant long leases or "perpetuities," and the State would have excellent security.

In the first place, it would have the fee-simple of the land bought. In the second, it would have the value of the tenants' interests, evidence of which is afforded by the enormous prices still paid for "tenant-right." People who would lightly forfeit the possession of land would not be so eager to acquire it as the prices they pay for it prove them to be. As each succeeding instalment was paid to the State by the occupier, his acquired interest in the land would be increased, and he would be the more unwilling to lose it by default. If the occupiers were satisfied that a speedy and irredeemable eviction would follow the non-payment of the yearly instalments, the necessity of the State having recourse to such would, save in very exceptional cases, at once cease. To provide against these, I would suggest a system of mutual responsibility, so that all living within a certain area would become mutually responsible for each other's payments: all sympathy with defaulters would thus be put an end to, and the other occupiers of the area affected would, in their own interests, endeavor to find a solvent substitute or

purchaser for a holding rendered vacant by the action of the State in enforcing payment. The most powerful weapon in the Land League policy would thus be made inoperative.

It is much to be assured that, with his knowledge of the Irish people and the condition of Irish agriculture, with his sound judgment, temperate disposition, and great capacity for business, all united with strong conservative and aristocratic instincts, Kavanagh regarded the prospects of such a measure as the present government have brought forward with a favorable eye. At the same time, he founded his hopes of its success chiefly on the permanence of conditions which cannot be otherwise than precarious, and on a change in our method of administration to which it would take some time for the English people to become accustomed. His demand was for continuity, continuity, continuity—continuity in the administration of the law, and continuity in the government of the country. He would have substituted for the present lord lieutenant a permanent viceroy, independent of all parliamentary changes; and the appointment to such a post of a member of the royal family would, he thought, have an excellent effect. It may occur perhaps to some people that if we could only have such a system as this, we should want no Land Purchase Acts. With it or without it, however, Kavanagh thought the experiment worth trying—and that is perhaps all that its warmest advocates could say for it.

We should not omit to add that Mrs. Steele has given us a most interesting letter, addressed by Mr. Kavanagh to Mr. Goschen in December, 1885, on the cattle trade and cattle breeding of Ireland, showing in the clearest colors the suicidal character of the land agitation. The cattle trade is the main branch of Irish agriculture. If the quality of Irish store cattle had been sustained, the foreign stores would hardly have been looked at. That quality has not been sustained, because the means by which the best sires of all kinds were secured for breeding purposes have been destroyed. These means were the agricultural shows, at which prizes were offered for the best animals, amid keen competition. Now the landlords are impoverished and cannot subscribe to these societies, and the farmers are told that shows are landlord institutions, and that they ought to have nothing to do with them. So down goes the Irish cattle trade.

From The Contemporary Review.
JOHN WESLEY.

MARCH 2, 1891, is the centenary of the death of John Wesley. Many biographies of him have been written, and the minutest incidents of his life are familiar to the members of the religious community who are called by his name. Others are far less acquainted with his personality, and may not be sorry to be reminded what manner of man he was.

For, indeed, the reformers of Churches, the redressers of injustice, the reawakeners of dead consciences, the slayers of dragons and monsters, have in all ages been men marked out to their great work by similar characteristics. They who would beat down the hundred-headed hydra of inveterate evils must use the same Hercules club of moral conviction and absolute self-sacrifice.

The father of John Wesley was the good vicar of Epworth, and labored for long years in poverty, disappointment, debt, and many trials, amid a rude, hostile, and heavy peasantry. John and his brothers and sisters in a numerous family had, to his own great advantage, to bear the yoke in their youth. Mrs. Wesley was an able, active, and deeply religious woman. She gave herself up, heart and soul, to her home duties and the right education of her children. We are told that she taught her children, even as infants, to cry softly, and trained the little boys and girls in habits of the finest Christian courtesy.

The discipline of those days was stern; but in the hands of a good and wise mother it probably erred far less in the direction of sternness than ours does in the direction of effeminacy. Mrs. Wesley set apart an hour every day to talk and pray with her boys in turn, and retained a powerful spell of influence over them, even to advanced age. She did much to mould Wesley's character. In spite of the opposition of the commonplace curate of the parish, and the timid doubts of her own husband, when he was absent in London for the meetings of Convocation, she assembled the parishioners together in her kitchen to a service, which they found more profitable and blessed than the dry and soulless ministrations of the parish church.

< The little John and Charles were present at these meetings, and we see in them the germ and spirit of their future work.

Brought up in such a home, John Wesley grew up so serious, so earnest, and so promising a child that even at the age of eight years his father admitted him to the

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXIV. 3809

Holy Communion. His impressions had been deepened by his remarkable escape from the burning ruins of his father's vicarage when he was six years old. Epworth parsonage was destroyed by fire. The children were all asleep, and John, left alone in the blazing nursery, was only snatched from death at the last moment, after the vain efforts of his father to reach the room. From that day his mother dedicated him to God, and regarded him as a child marked out for great ends. In one of his early publications a house in flames is represented beneath his portrait, with the words, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

He tells us that till the age of ten he was not conscious of having committed any grave sin, or of having lost the grace of baptism. At that age he was sent to school in London, at the Charterhouse. English public schools in those days were not only very rough training places, but were also scenes of much vice and godlessness. But though Wesley as a schoolboy lost some of his deep religious seriousness, he still continued to go to church, to read his Bible, and to pray both morning and evening. We hear of him as a "brave boy, a good scholar, learning Hebrew as fast as he can," and probably his faults were not more serious than such as rise from a natural buoyancy and hilarity of spirit, which thinks but little of religion in the glow and bloom of opening life.

In 1720 he went to Christ Church, Oxford. Although at first he did not recover his old piety, we hear of no fault except that he got into debt; and it was difficult for him to do otherwise with the slender allowance which alone his father could afford. The religious atmosphere of Oxford at that time was singularly cold and dead, as indeed was that of England, and the Church of England generally. But a decided change soon passed over him. Without extinguishing a natural cheerfulness which made him say that he could never remember being in bad spirits for a quarter of an hour all his life, a sense of religion awakened him to deep seriousness. Young as he was, he wrote to his mother, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged me."

After taking his degree, he was elected a fellow of Lincoln, and acquired much reputation as an Oxford tutor. Various books fanned the flame of his religious earnestness. Thomas à Kempis, by the "Imitatio Christi," woke in his mind the

desire for a closer walk with God; and the purely monastic and ascetic elements of a Kempis's ideal were corrected by Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." His soul was stirred still more deeply by Law's "Serious Call" and "Perfection." By these books, he says, "I was convinced more than ever of the impossibility of being half a Christian, and determined to be all devoted to God; to give him all my soul, my body, and my substance."

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Potter, and never forgot his advice: "If you wish to be extensively useful, do not spend your time in contending for or against things of a disputable nature, but in testifying against notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." Another remarkable sentence was addressed to him when he was ordained priest. Dr. Hayward, Bishop Potter's examining chaplain, put to him a question on which he often pondered, and of which his whole after-history was an illustration: "Do you know," he asked him, "what you are about? You are bidding defiance to all mankind. He that would live a Christian priest ought to know that, whether his hand be against every man or no, he must expect every man's hand would be against him." He had already learnt by experience the truth of the remark, for his very goodness, his blameless morals, his efforts to help others, were made grounds for sneers and opposition.

To any one who looks a little below the surface, and watches the reception accorded in our own age, as much as in any other, to any line of conduct not purely conventional, this will not appear wholly strange. No one in these days would openly venture to taunt another in the House of Commons as "the honorable and *religious* gentleman," as one member of Parliament taunted Wilberforce; nor would many men make personal chastity a ground for depreciatory innuendoes, as in the eighteenth century they did to the younger Pitt. But when Wesley stood for election to his fellowship at Lincoln College, there were some who tried to ruin his chance by ridiculing his serious behavior; and he wrote to his father to ask for his advice. The letter of his father was admirable. "Does any body think," wrote the Vicar of Epworth, "that the devil is dead, or asleep, or that he has no agents left? Surely virtue can bear being laughed at. The Captain and Master endured something more for us before he entered into his glory, and unless we track his steps, in vain do we hope to share the

glory with him." Yet we are astonished to read that in those days, at an Oxford College, to attend the Sacrament was to make oneself a target for all the polite students, and the practice of visiting the poor was an offence to be punished with the threat of expulsion. Indeed, so serious did the opposition gradually become, that Wesley again sought his father's counsel. His father wrote that he rejoiced to have two sons at Oxford—for Charles had now joined his elder brother, John—"to whom God has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. . . . Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour hath directed you; . . . walk prudently, though not fearfully. I doubt whether a mortal can arrive at a greater degree of perfection than steadily to do good, and for that very reason, patiently and meekly to suffer evil. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady."

In 1727 Wesley went to assist his father in the rude hamlet of Wroote, where he stayed till 1729. He tells us that he did not see much fruit of his labors, because, in his preaching, he neither laid the foundation of repentance nor of believing the Gospel, but rather assumed that his hearers were already believers and already penitent. In 1729 he returned to Oxford to find that his brother Charles had there founded a little brotherhood of students to encourage each other in the practice of a holy life. They met for prayer, self-examination, the study of the Scriptures and the Greek Testament. Later on they formed plans to visit the sick and the prisoners. They were nicknamed "the Holy Club," and Whitefield was one of the little band. They were also called by that name "Methodists," which still adheres to the society of which they formed the earliest nucleus. The name Methodist had first been invented in the reign of Nero, for a school of physicians who thought that "all diseases could be cured by a specific method of diet and exercise."* Charles Wesley, who was of a more poetic, tender, and emotional cast of mind than John, had been the first leader in the movement, and he added a glow of warmer spirituality to the harder and more prosaic temperament of his brother. The numbers of this little society were never

* Auson, Idyll, ix. 67: "Triplex quoque forma mendendi Cui logos, et *methodos*, cuique experientia nomen."

"As many more
As *methodist* Musus killed with hellebore."
(Marston, Scourge of Villany, 1599.)

large. Some of its members died early; others fell away before the discouragement and ridicule heaped upon them. But John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield — the organizer, the poet, the orator of the Wesleyan movement — went on until they had become the revivers in England of a dead and torpid religionism; the standard-bearers of what might well have seemed to be a forlorn hope; the voices which cried over the valley of dry bones: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

In October, 1735, the two brothers sailed with General Oglethorpe to Georgia. John's object was to sacrifice himself, not only as a chaplain to the emigrants, but also as a missionary to the American Indians. This was probably the least fruitful and the least happy episode in the lives of the young evangelists. Both of them were still High Churchmen of the old Anglican school, with strong notions of discipline. John never scrupled to reprove any one, not only for notorious sins, but for anything — such as dress, or what he regarded as levity in conduct; and he excited deadly animosities by repelling from the holy communion any one who did not come up to his ideal standard, or who had not given him previous notice. His life, indeed, was as blameless and noble as it always was; but we see in his conduct a certain hardness and autocracy, and want of sympathy and tact. Yet, nothing could exceed his earnestness and self-sacrifice. He had but a small salary, he ate but little, he drank no wine, he limited his hours of sleep, he rose at four in the morning, he labored incessantly at preaching, visiting, and teaching. The early colonists were of various nations, and therefore he read prayers to them in Italian, in French, and in German, as well as in English; and since he also taught the children of his schools, his Sundays were days of incessant and astonishing labor. "During his journeys in the colony he often slept all night in the open air, exposed to all the dews that fell. Sometimes he was wet through with dew and rain. He wore Indian shoes, and slept rolled up in a blanket. Though he travelled through places infested with wild beasts, he would never carry a weapon; he said that he had a cane to try the depths of the rivers through which he had to wade, but would not have a ferrule at the end of it lest it should look like a weapon." One instance of his sincerity and self-denial is well worth recording. At Savannah he

was told that some of the schoolboys were inclined to despise others who came to school without shoes and stockings. How was he to cure this? He did, what not perhaps one teacher out of a million would have thought of doing, he himself went barefoot to teach them! The boys could no longer look down on comrades who came to school without shoes and stockings, when their own teacher — clergyman, and scholar, and gentleman as he was — came to school shoeless and stockingless! They were amazed; but he kept them to their books, and before the end of the week had cured them of their vanity.

It is the custom to speak of Wesley's mission to Georgia as a failure. A failure it was *not*. Whitefield, who followed him to Georgia, even ventures to say: "The good which Mr. John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people, and he has laid a foundation that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake." He felt, however, that he was flinging away his best years in a partial effort. He was driven to return to England, which he only reached in February, 1738, after trying and dangerous adventures. He would hardly have survived the perils of this journey but for the fine health and unbroken cheerfulness which were the result and the reward of his habitual temperance, soberness, and chastity. By self-discipline he had strengthened a constitution so naturally weak that, but for it, instead of living to eighty-eight, he would certainly have been cut off in early manhood.

This fine health and simple diet enabled him rapidly to get over the misery of seasickness in his homeward voyage, and during the six weeks that it occupied, his work was characteristically energetic. Overcoming his reluctance, he went among the sailors, and spoke individually to every one of them. He taught the cabin-boy. He instructed two poor negroes who were on board. To the single French passenger he talked in French, and every day explained to him a chapter of the New Testament; and all this while he continued his own personal studies.

Yet, among these noble, evangelistic, apostolical, self-denying labors, Wesley, in his own opinion, had not yet found the light. "It is now two years," he wrote, "and eight months since I left my native country to teach the Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learned myself in the mean time? Why, (what I the least of all expected) that I, who went

to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God."

His misgivings were the result of intercourse with simple, earnest, devout Moravians on his voyage out. He had consulted a Moravian minister named Spangenberg about his work. Spangenberg asked him a few questions. His first question surprised Wesley. It was, "Does the spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?" Wesley, a little astonished at the question, hesitated for an answer. "Do you know Jesus Christ?" said Spangenberg. "I know," said Wesley, "that he is the Saviour of the world." "True," said the Moravian, "but do you know that he has saved *you*?" "I hope," said Wesley, "he has died to save me," Spangenberg only added, "Do you know yourself?" "I do," said Wesley; "but," he adds at a later time, "I fear they were vain words."

He dated his full conversion from the time of his conversations with a young Moravian missionary, Peter Böhler, who taught him a simpler form of the Gospel, and brought home to him the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith. "By him," says Wesley, "in the hand of the great God on March 5, 1738, I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith by which alone we are saved." He at once concluded that he was unfit to preach, but Böhler urged him to go on. "But what can I preach?" asked Wesley. "Preach faith till you have it," said his friend, "and then you will preach faith, because you have it." For a time he remained in uncertainty and heaviness, but on May 26, 1738, at five in the morning, he opened his New Testament at the words, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." That day, at St. Paul's, he heard the anthem, "Out of the deeps have I called unto thee, O Lord," and in the evening he went to a little religious meeting, where some one was reading Luther's preface to the epistle to the Romans. "About a quarter before nine," says Wesley, "while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

Shortly afterwards, at the house of his friend Mr. Hutton, in College Street Westminster, Wesley surprised a little company of friends by telling them that five days before he had not been a Chris-

tian. "Have a care, Mr. Wesley," said Mr. Hutton, "how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments." "If you have not been a Christian ever since I knew you," said Mrs. Hutton, "you have been a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe that you were one." Wesley explained what he had meant. He said: "When we renounce everything but faith, and get into Christ, then, and not till then, have we any reason to believe that we are Christians." He considered that up to that time he had only had the faith of a servant, not the peace and assurance of a son.

In this narrative is contained the secret of all the mighty work of revival which Wesley lived to achieve in England. A gentleman, a scholar, a High Churchman, a presbyter of the English Church, a fellow of an Oxford college, there would have been nothing even in the sincerity of his piety to lead to the great work of his life — nothing to uplift him above the somnolent respectability of the ordinary easy-going Christian — if he had not learnt from the Moravians something of the depth of their convictions, and the flame of their devoted zeal. It is needless to follow the further incidents of his life. It was spent, without any intermission, in the fullest work of an evangelist to masses of his fellow-countrymen, whom the Church of England for the most part neglected and ignored, and whom it was his mission to convert from the practical heathendom into which they had fallen.

His vast success was owing, first and foremost, to his inspiring conviction that he was doing the work to which God had called him, and doing it with God's visible benediction. But no small part of the supreme impression which he made upon his age was due to the character which has left to all time a luminous example. In his case, as in all cases, self-sacrifice was infinitely fruitful. That spirit of self-sacrifice inspired especially his generosity, his courage, and his high endurance.

¶ The example of such generosity as Wesley's is not only rare, but almost unique. He rose completely superior to that mammon-worship and avarice which are the sunken reefs on which so many a vessel of human life is shattered, and most of all as it nears the close of its voyage. It was one of the principles of the Holy Club to give away every year whatever of their income remained after they had provided for their own actual necessities. Wesley was foremost in this good work. "I abridged myself," he says, "of all

superfluities, and many that are called necessities of life." When he had an income of £30 a year, he lived on £28, and gave away the rest. Next year he received £60, and gave away £32 in charity. The next year, still confining his whole personal expenses to £28, he gave away £62; and the year after £90. In other words, he gave away treble of what he spent, when his whole income was only £118 a year.

Wesley, on less than the income of many an artisan, was able to found a school of twenty children; to clothe some, if not all of them; and to pay the mistress. And he continued this principle all through his life. When he was sixty-three years old, a lady left him £1,000, probably the largest sum he ever had in his possession. But in reference to it, Wesley simply said: "I am God's steward for the poor." To the poor it was so speedily distributed, that when, a year later, his sister, who had been deserted by a worthless husband, applied for some of it, he wrote back: "You do not consider; money never stays with me; it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible, lest it should find a way into my heart. You should have spoken to me before Miss Lewen's money flew away." Yet one of the numerous lies which religious wickedness, and irreligious wickedness, was incessantly telling of him without a blush, was that he "made a good thing" out of Methodism!

A clergyman, who wrote one of the very numerous clerical pamphlets against Wesley, said "that after preaching so much against laying by money, he had put out £700 to interest." He replied: "I never put sixpence out to interest since I was born, and never had £100 of my own together since I came into the world."

He might have had thousands of pounds a year of his own, had he so chosen. The books he published in favor of Methodism were absolutely his own private property, and were very lucrative; but he gave all this money away. In one of his notebooks, when he was an extremely old man, he wrote: "For upwards of sixty-eight years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is all I have." In 1782, he spent £5 19s. for clothes, and gave away £738. Never a rich man, he gave away in his lifetime perhaps £40,000.

II. Another great quality in Wesley's character was his heroic and unflinching

courage. "The world bestows a somewhat disproportionate admiration upon physical courage. But Wesley showed that highest form of physical courage which is not spasmodic, which is not only called out by a crisis, but which is required as a constant habit of life. And it was voluntary courage. It was courage in perplexing duties which were not demanded of him. We might think it strange that the desire to preach the gospel of Christ should evoke such deadly opposition, alike of the so-called respectable and religious classes, and of the rude and ignorant multitude. Yet, so it was. Wesley, and those who worked with him, never had any other object than to offer the highest boon which earth can give to those for whom there was no love and no pity among the religious classes. Yet he was opposed with infuriated violence. Every form of opposition, we are told, was tried against him. "Mill-dams were let out; church bells were jangled; drunken fiddlers and ballad singers were hired; organs pealed forth; drums were 'beaten';" street-vendors, clowns, drunken fops, and Papists were hired, and incited to brawl or blow horns, so as to drown his voice. He was struck in the face with sticks, he was cursed and groaned at, pelted with stones, beaten to the ground, threatened with murder, dragged and hustled hither and thither by drinking, cursing, swearing, riotous mobs, who acted the part of judge, jury, and executioner. "Knock him down and kill him at once," was the shout of the brutal roughs who assaulted him at Wednesbury. On more than one occasion, a mad or a baited bull was driven into the midst of his assemblies; the windows of the houses in which he stayed were broken, and rioters burst their way even into his private rooms. "The men," says Dr. Taylor, "who commenced and continued this arduous service — and they were scholars and gentlemen — displayed a courage far surpassing that which carries the soldier through the hailstorm of the battle-field. Ten thousand might more easily be found who would confront a battery than two who, with the sensitiveness of education about them, could (in that day) mount a table by the roadside, give out a Psalm, and gather a mob."

III. To face all this, and to face it day after day, and year by year, in England, in Scotland, in Wales, in Cornwall, in Ireland, required a supreme bravery, and persistence. Yet it needed even greater courage to meet hurricanes of abuse and tornadoes of slander. Wesley had to face

this also on all sides. The most popular actors of the day held him up to odium and ridicule in lewd comedies. Reams of calumny were written against him; shoals of pamphlets, full of virulence and falsehood, were poured forth from the press. The most simple, the most innocent, the most generous of men, he was called a smuggler, a liar, an immoral and designing intriguer, a pope, a Jesuit, a swindler, the most notorious hypocrite living. The clergy, I grieve to say, led the way. Rowland Hill called Wesley "a lying apostle, a designing wolf, a dealer in stolen wares;" and said that he was "as unprincipled as a rook, and as silly as a jackdaw, first pilfering his neighbor's plumage, and then going proudly forth to display it to a laughing world." Augustus Toplady said, among floods of other and worse abuse, that "for thirty years he had been endeavoring to palm on his credulous followers his pernicious doctrines, with all the sophistry of a Jesuit, and the dictatorial authority of a pope;" and described him as "the most rancorous hater of the gospel system that ever appeared in England." Bishop Lavington, of Exeter, denounced the Methodists as a dangerous and presumptuous sect, animated with an enthusiastical and fanatical spirit; and said that they were "either innocent madmen or infamous cheats." Bishop Gibson, of London, actually made it one of his grounds of complaint against them that "they have had the boldness to preach in the fields and other open places, and by public advertisement to invite *the rabble* to be their hearers;" and he was indignant because Methodists thronged to the Holy Communion in such numbers that the clergymen had no time to dine before afternoon service! The revival of religion had to make its way among hostile bishops, furious controversialists, jibing and libellous newspapers, angry men of the world, prejudiced juries, and brutal lies. And yet it prevailed, because "one with God is always in a majority."

Wesley's labors were marvellous. He is described as a man not well fed or of Herculean frame, but slight and frail; as a man without indulgences, feeding for eight months every year chiefly at the tables of the poor; wifeless, childless, homeless, yet always cheerful, always happy, always hard at work, even to the age of eighty-eight flying with all the sprightliness of youth through the three kingdoms, preaching twice every day, indoors and out of doors, in churches, chapels, cottages, and sheds, and everywhere

superintending the complex and growing interests of the numerous societies which had sprung into buoyant being through the labors of himself and his godly helpers. Once show him the path of duty, and with a dauntless step he trod it. Nothing frightened him out of it. Nothing could allure him from it. However arduous the work, however great the privations, if his master bade him go he went. "My brother Charles," he once remarked, "among the difficulties of our early ministry, used to say: 'If the Lord would give me wings, I would fly.' I used to answer: 'If the Lord bids me fly, I would trust him for the wings.'" Happily he outlived years of hatred, and died in honor.¹⁷ His work began in an undergraduate's room at Oxford, and, when he died, there were one hundred and twenty thousand members of his societies. There are now five million two hundred and fifty thousand, under thirty-three thousand ministers, and if children and general worshippers be counted, there are, perhaps, twenty-five millions. Might he not say now, in the words which he chose for his text when he laid the foundation stone of the City Road Chapel, "This hath God wrought?" In Westminster Abbey thousands gaze with interest on the beautiful memorial which has been raised to him and his brother — the presentment of their faces in white marble not whiter than their lives. On it are carved three of his memorable sayings. One is: "I look on all the world as my parish." Another is: "God buries his workmen, but continues his work." The third is his ejaculation: "The best of all is, God is with us." He uttered it on his death-bed, and then, once more, raising his arm and lifting his voice in grateful triumph, he emphatically repeated: "*The best of all is, God is with us!*"

Such was John Wesley. Exactly one hundred years have elapsed since his death, and now we can judge him aright. He was a man, and therefore by no means exempt from the faults and errors which spring from our human limitations; but few men have been more supremely faithful to the best he knew. My object in this paper has merely been to sketch the outline of his life, and to indicate those conditions of his labor and of his character which secured to one who in genius was not equal to many of his contemporaries the supreme honor of evoking the dormant religious instincts of millions of human souls. It is not possible in this paper to describe the great revival which roused

England from the general slumber and the widespread godlessness of the eighteenth century; but the impulse which Wesley gave has not yet wholly spent its force, and the electric flash which he thrilled into drowsy hearts is still potent to kindle the phenomena and the reality of life. The Evangelical movement, the Oxford movement, even the recent enthusiasm of the Salvation Army, are traceable to his example, and to the convictions which he inspired. Faithfulness, energy, sincerity like his will never be ineffectual. He outlived the rage of the vicious whom he rebuked, and the jealousy of the neglectful who were shamed by his efforts and envious of his success. He has taken his secure place among the benefactors of mankind, and furnished one more illustration of the truth that

Good deeds cannot die:
They with the sun and moon revive their light,
Forever blessing those that look on them.

F. W. FARRAR.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MY WITCHES' CALDRON.

II.

I AM suddenly conscious as I write that my experiences are very partial; a witch's caldron must needs after all contain heterogeneous scraps, and mine, alas! can be no exception to the rest. It produces nothing more valuable than odds and ends happily harmless enough, neither sweltered venom nor fillet of finny snake, but the back of one great man's head, the hat and umbrella of another. The first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone I only saw the soles of his boots. A friend had taken me into the ventilator of the House of Commons, where we listened to a noble speech and watched the two shadows on the grating overhead of the feet of the messenger of glad tidings. One special *back* I cannot refrain from writing down, in a dark blue frock coat and strapped trousers, walking leisurely before us up Piccadilly. The sun is shining, and an odd sort of brass buckle which fastens an old-fashioned stock, flashes like a star. "Do look!" I say to my father. "Who is that old gentleman?" "That old gentleman! Why, that is the Duke of Wellington," said my father. On another occasion I remember some one coming up to us and beginning to talk very charmingly, and among other things describing some new lord mayor

who had been in state to a theatrical performance, by which it seemed he had been much affected. "I cried, I do assure you," the lord mayor had said, "and as for the lady mayoress, she cry too;" and the gentleman smiled and told the little story so dryly and drolly that my sister and I couldn't help laughing, and we went on repeating to one another afterwards, "As for the lady mayoress, she cry too." And then as usual we asked who was that. "Don't you know Lord Palmerston by sight?" says my father.

I have a friend who declares that Fate is a humorist, linking us all together by strangest whims, even by broad jokes at times; and this one vague little humor of the weeping lady mayoress is my one personal link with the great Whig administrator of the last generation.

Another miscellaneous apparition out of my caldron rises before me as I write. On a certain day we went to call at Mrs. Proctor's with our father. We found an old man standing in the middle of the room, taking leave of his hostess, nodding his head—he was a little like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed but seemed quite fixed. He knew my father and spoke to him and to us too, still in this odd, fixed way. Then he looked at my sister. "My little girl," he said to her, "will you come and live with me? You shall be as happy as the day is long, you shall have a white pony to ride, and feed upon red-currant jelly." This prospect was so alarming and unexpected that the poor little girl suddenly blushed up and burst into tears. The old man was Mr. Samuel Rogers, but happily he did not see her cry, for he was already on his way to the door.

My father was very fond of going to the play, and he used to take us when we were children, one on each side of him, in a hansom. He used to take us to the opera, too, which was less of a treat. Magnificent envelopes, with unicorns and heraldic emblazonments, used to come very constantly, containing tickets and boxes for the opera. In those days we thought everybody had boxes for the opera as a matter of course. We used to be installed in the front places with our chins resting on the velvet ledges of the box. For a time it used to be very delightful, then sometimes I used suddenly to wake up to find the singing still going on and on as in a dream. I can still see Lablache, a huge, reverberating mountain, a sort of Olympus, thundering forth glorious sounds, and addressing deep, resounding

notes to what seemed to me then a sort of fairy in white. She stood on tiny feet, she put up a delicate finger and sent forth a sweet vibration of song in answer, sweeter, shriller, more charming every instant. Did she fly right up into the air, or was it my own head that came down with a sleepy nod? I slept, I awoke; and each time I was conscious of this exquisite, floating ripple of music flowing in and out of my dreams. The singer was Mademoiselle Sontag; it was the "Elisire," or some such opera, overflowing like a lark's carol. All the great, golden house applauded; my father applauded. I longed to hear more, but in vain I struggled, I only slumbered again, waking from minute to minute to see the lovely little lady in white still standing there, still pouring forth her melody to the thousand lights and people. I find when I consult my faithful *confidante* and sympathizer in these small memories of what is now so nearly forgotten, that I am not alone in my admiring impressions of this charming person. My *confidante* is the "Biographie Générale," where I find an account, no sleepy, visionary impression, such as my own, but a very definite and charming portrait of the bright fairy of my dreams, of Mademoiselle Sontag, Comtesse Rossi, who came to London in 1849: "On remarquait surtout la limpidité de ses gammes chromatiques et l'éclat de ses trilles . . . Et toutes ces merveilles s'accomplissaient avec une grâce parfaite, sans que le regard fût jamais attristé par le moindre effort. La figure charmante de Mademoiselle Sontag, ses beaux yeux bleus, limpides et doux, ses formes élégantes, sa taille élancée et souple achevaient le tableau et complétaient l'enchantement."

It seems sad to have enjoyed this delightful performance only in one's dreams, but in the humiliating circumstances, when the whole world was heaving and struggling to hear the great singer of the North, and when the usual box arrived for the "Figlia del Reggimento," my grandmother, who was with us, invited two friends of her own, grown up and accustomed to keep awake, and my sister and I were not taken. We were not disappointed, we *imagined* the songs for ourselves as children do. We gathered all our verbenas and geraniums for a nosegay, and gave it to our guests to carry, and watched the carriage roll off in the twilight with wild hopes, unexpressed, that perhaps the flowers would be cast upon the stage at the feet of the great singer.

But though the flowers returned home much crushed and dilapidated, and though we did not hear the song, it was a reality for me until a day long years after, when I heard that stately and glorious voice flashing into my darkness with a shock of amazement never to be forgotten, and then realized how futile an imagination may be.

Alas! I never possessed a note of music of my own, though I have cared for it in a patient, unrequited way all my life long. My father always loved music and understood it, too; he knew his opera tunes by heart. I have always liked the little story of his landing with his companions at Malta on his way to the East, and as no one of the company happened to speak Italian he was able to interpret for the whole party by humming the lines from various operas, "Un biglietto — Eccolo qua," says my father to the man from the shore, "Lascie darem' la mano," and he helped Lady T. up the gangway, and so on. He used sometimes to bring Mr. Ella home to dine with him, and he liked to hear his interesting talk about music. Through Mr. Ella's kindness the doors of the Musical Union flew open wide to us, and it was there I first heard Dr. Joseph Joachim play. Yesterday, when I listened to the familiar, happy stream flowing once more before the crowding listeners, I could only marvel with wondering gratitude that such a strain should have accompanied the opera of one's long life in all its varying scenes and combinations.

My father used to write in his study at the back of the house in Young Street. The vine shaded his two windows, which looked out upon the bit of garden, and the medlar-tree, and the Spanish jessamines of which the yellow flowers scented our old brick walls. I can remember the tortoise belonging to the boys next door crawling along the top of the wall and making its way between the jessamine sprigs. Jessamines won't grow now any more, as they did then, in the gardens of Kensington, nor will medlars and vine trees take root and spread their green branches; only herbs and bulbs, such as lilies and Solomon seals, seem to flourish, though I have a faint hope that all the things people put in will come up all right some centuries hence, when London is resting and at peace, and has turned into the grass-grown ruin one so often hears described. Our garden was not tidy (though on one grand occasion a man came to mow the grass) but it was full of sweet things. There were verbenas — red, blue, and scented; and there were lovely stacks

of flags, blades of green with purple heads between, and bunches of London pride growing luxuriantly; and there were some blush roses at the end of the garden which were not always quite eaten up by the caterpillars. Lady Duff Gordon came to stay with us once (it was on that occasion, I think, that the grass was mowed) and she afterwards sent us some doves, which used to hang high up in a wicker cage from the windows of the schoolroom. The top schoolroom was over my father's bedroom, and the bedroom was over the study where he used to write. I liked the top schoolroom the best of all the rooms in the dear old house, the sky was in it and the evening bells used to ring into it across the garden, and seemed to come in dancing and clanging with the sunset; and the floor sloped so, that if you put down a ball it would roll in a leisurely way right across the room of its own accord. And then there was a mystery—a small trap-door between the windows which we never could open. Where did not that trap-door lead to! It was the gateway of Paradise, of many paradises to us. We kept our dolls, our bricks, our books, our baby-houses in the top room, and most of our stupid little fancies. My little sister had a menagerie of snails and flies in the sunny window-sill; these latter chiefly invalids rescued out of milk-jugs, lay upon rose-leaves in various little pots and receptacles. She was very fond of animals, and so was my father—at least he always liked *our* animals. Now, looking back, I am full of wonder at the number of cats we were allowed to keep, though De la Pluche, the butler, and Gray, the housekeeper, waged war against them. The cats used to come to us from the garden, for then, as now, the open spaces of Kensington abounded in fauna. My sister used to adopt and christen them all in turn by the names of her favorite heroes; she had Nicholas Nickleby, a huge grey tabby, and Martin Chuzzlewit, and a poor little half-starved Barnaby Rudge, and many others. Their saucers used to be placed in a row on the little terrace at the back of my father's study, under the vine where the sour green grapes grew—not at all out of reach; and at the farther end of which was an empty greenhouse ornamented by the busts of my father as a boy, and of a relation in a military cloak.

One of my friends—she never lived to be an old woman—used to laugh and say that she had reached the time of life when she loved to see even the people her parents had particularly disliked, just

for the sake of old times. I don't know how I should feel if I were to meet one agreeable, cordial gentleman, who used to come on horseback and invite us to all sorts of dazzling treats and entertainments which, to our great disappointment, my father invariably refused, saying "No, I don't like him, I don't want to have anything to do with him." The wretched man fully justified these objections by getting himself transported long after for a protracted course of peculiarly deliberate and cold-blooded fraud. On one occasion a friend told me he was talking to my father, and mentioning some one in good repute at the time, and my father incidentally spoke as if he knew of a murder that person had committed. "You know it then!" said the other man. "Who could have told you?" My father had never been told, but he had known it all along, he said; and indeed he sometimes spoke of this curious feeling he had about people at times, as if uncomfortable facts in their past history were actually revealed to him. At the same time I do not think anybody had a greater enjoyment than he in other people's goodness and well-doing; he used to be proud of a boy's prizes at school, he used to be proud of a woman's sweet voice or of her success in house-keeping. He had a friend in the Victoria Road hard by whose delightful household ways he used to describe, and I can still hear the lady he called "Jingleby" warbling "O du schöne Müllerin," to his great delight. Any generous thing or word seemed like something happening to himself. How proudly he used to tell the story of his old friend Mr. F., of the Garrick, who gave up half a fortune as a matter of course, because he thought it right to do so, and how he used to be stirred by a piece of fine work. I can remember, when "David Copperfield" came out, hearing him say to my grandmother that "little Em'ly's letter to old Peggotty was a masterpiece." I wondered to hear him at the time for that was not at all the part I cared for most, nor indeed could I imagine how little Em'ly ever was so stupid as to run away from Peggotty's enchanted house-boat. But we each and all enjoyed in turn our share of those thin green books full of delicious things, and how glad we were when they came to our youthful portion at last, after our elders and our governess and our butler had read them.

It is curious to me now to remember, considering how little we met and what a long way off they lived, what an important part the Dickens household played in our

childhood. But those books were as much a part of our home as our own father's.

Certainly the Dickens children's parties were shining facts in our early London days — nothing came near them. There were other parties and they were very nice, but nothing to compare to these; not nearly so light, not nearly so shining, not nearly so going round and round. Perhaps — so dear K. P. suggests — it was not all as brilliantly wonderful as I imagined it, but most assuredly the spirit of mirth and kindly jollity was a reality to every one present, and the master of the house had that wondrous fairy gift of leadership. I know not what to call that power by which he inspired every one with spirit and interest. One special party I remember, which seemed to me to go on for years with its kind, gay hospitality, its music, its streams of children passing and re-passing. We were a little shy coming in alone in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons, but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit beside her till the long, sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up, which is always flattering to little girls. Then Miss Hogarth found us partners, and we too formed part of the throng. I remember watching the white satin shoes and long, flowing white sashes of the little Dickens girls, who were just about our own age, but how much more gracefully and beautifully dressed. Our sashes were bright plaids of red and blue (tributes from one of our father's admirers. Is it ungrateful to confess now after all these years that we could not bear them?), our shoes were only bronze. Shall I also own to this passing shadow, even in all that radiance? But when people are once dancing they are all equal again and happy. Somehow after the music we all floated into a long supper room, and I found myself sitting near the head of the table by Mr. Dickens, with another little girl much younger than myself; she wore a necklace and pretty little sausage curls all round her head. Mr. Dickens was very kind to the little girl, and presently I heard him persuading her to sing, and he put his arm round her to encourage her; and then, wonderful to say, the little girl stood up (she was little Miss Hullah) and began very shyly, trembling and blushing at first, but as she blushed and trembled she sang more and more sweetly; and then all the *jeunesse dorée*, consisting of the little Dickens boys and their friends, ranged along the supper table, clapped and clapped, and Mr. Dickens bent down to her smiling and thanking

her. And then he made a little speech, with one hand on the table; I think it was thanking the *jeunesse dorée* for their applause, and they again clapped and laughed — but here my memory fails me and everything grows very vague and like a dream.

Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on, more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys — thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him — it was Mr. Dickens himself — and laughed and said quickly, "That is for you!" and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys.

ANNE RITCHIE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMADS IN RUGGED CILICIA.

WE started with three months of nomad life before us from Mersina, a port of Asia Minor, — real genuine nomad life in a hitherto unexplored district, without a village or a town to speak of, up in the lofty mountains of "rugged Cilicia," where for this period we should meet none save wanderers like ourselves; pastoral wanderers, who go from pasture to pasture as necessity compels; whilst we professed to be archæological nomads, who went from one set of ruins to another in search of fresh material concerning a long ago defunct race of mankind.

A word or two concerning this country, its present and its past, before we dive into its gorges and lose ourselves in its maze of rock and brushwood. This district, known to the ancients as "Cilicia Aspera," from its rugged appearance, lies

on the southern slopes of the Taurus mountains, where they push their spurs right down to the sea, and has for centuries been only inhabited by wandering tribes, offering as it does no attractions to the sedentary inhabitants of Asia Minor. For the centuries immediately preceding our era, it was inhabited by a race known to the Romans as the "Cilician Pirates," who appear from time to time on the pages of history, and whose misfortune it has been to have that history written by their enemies. They were then practically masters of the Mediterranean, and carried their predatory expeditions as far as Italy. Pompey reduced them in a big sea-fight in the year 67 B.C., and planted the remainder of them in a town by the sea, and henceforward we only hear of them as peaceably acquiescing to the yoke of Rome. Our researches led us to respect these pirates, and rather to regret their name, for they built for themselves great temples to Jove and Hermes, and mighty fortress towns with polygonal masonry in the heart of the Taurus. They buried their dead in rock-cut tombs, embellished with fine figures in relief on the rocks. In short, they gave evidence of possessing a civilization inferior to none existing in Asia Minor. Their origin is lost in uncertainty and myth—a wild mountainous race, who gained for themselves independence after the power of the Seleucidæ began to wane, and who originally came under Greek influence four centuries before the Christian era.* Their kingdom, as Strabo, who is almost our only authority, tells us, was called Olba.† They were ruled over by priest-kings—priests of Jove, and dynasts of Olba; and from the coasts of the Mediterranean up to a height of four thousand feet in the recesses of the Taurus, this district was studded with prosperous towns and villages, now entirely abandoned to the Yourouks, as the Turks call this nomad race, from a word in their language, *youroumek*, to wander. There is a glamor about these mountain slopes, their deep gorges and craggy heights, in their present state of utter abandonment, when one tries to people it with a hardy and independent race of freebooters who refused

to acknowledge the conquering arm of Rome, like the Highlanders of Scotland or the Mahrattas of the Deccan, who fought a hopeless contest against the overwhelming power of civilization.

We drove for thirty miles along a wretched Turkish road which skirts the coast, in a rickety carriage, to a spot called Lamas, where the mountains come right down to the sea, and where we met the horses which were to convey us into those mountains. These horses had three owners, one Maronite and two Armenians. We had a servant to administer to our personal comforts, and a curious individual who called himself Captain Achmed, who was to act as guide and mediator between us and the wandering tribes. A man of no definite race, who dressed himself in a fine Albanian dress though he was no Albanian, bristling with quaint and useless arms, he was one of those mongrel products of the East who had, once upon a time, indulged in brigandage himself, and passed many years in prison, but who in his old age had found a certain degree of honesty the best policy. He had been handsome, and still was vain; and though carrying but little luggage, in it was a bottle of hair-dye, which would stream down his forbidding face in black currents when it rained. His great recommendation was that he knew how to impose his authority on the pastoral nomads, and he would have done the same on the archæological ones had they not at once reduced him to order by the threat of reduction in wages—a never-failing weapon when wielded against an Oriental.

Strabo, the geographer, was our only guide-book, and oddly enough one of our horses was called Strabo by his Greek-speaking master, because it was blind of one eye,—one of those miserable quadrupeds of the East, totally unfitted for a mountaineering expedition such as we were about to undertake, which fell on every possible occasion, once nearly drowning itself in a stream, and sending our chattels floating away; and again falling with our jar of wine against a rock, and thereby reducing us to a condition of enforced abstinence. The other five horses of our cavalcade were moderate specimens of their kind, and carried us safely over many an awkward spot.

We took everything with us—beds, tables, chairs, tent, and groceries—trusting only to find a sufficiency of meat and milk amongst the nomad tribes. But in the former case we were doomed to disappointment, owing to two somewhat differ-

* Isocrates Panegyricus (Or. 4, § 161).

† Strabo, xiv., ch. 5, to. "And then higher up than this place (Anchiale, mod. Mersina) and Soli is a mountainous district, in which is the city of Olba, and a temple of Jove, the foundation of Ajax the son of Teucer, and the priest became dynast of Rugged Cilicia: then many tyrants succeeded in the government and formed piratical companies, and after the destruction of these, in our days even it is called the Teucrid dynasty and the priesthood of Teucer." See also Head, "Historia Nummorum," on Olba.

ent causes. In the first place, they would not part with their lambs and kids, because the flocks had run down during the recent years of famine; and secondly, the fowls were scarce, because they had last year found an excellent market for them at Mersina, where the French steamer touches, and all the poultry had been conveyed to France for consumption during the exhibition time. Consequently though milk and butter were plentiful we had to content ourselves with the flesh of goats well stricken in years, and every one knows that this is by no means palatable.

On the first plateau above the sea-level we visited three curious depressions in the ground, averaging two hundred feet in depth; one was eight hundred feet long, another was a quarter of a mile round, and the third three-quarters. The walls of these holes were of calcareous formation, and had in places been decorated by the pirates of old with quaint bas-reliefs and inscriptions. At the bottom of these holes flourished the wild verdure of the mountains,—a dense jungle of carobs, pomegranates, myrtle, and prickly thorns; and Strabo told us how in his time flourished here excellent saffron, and I doubt not that he was right, for though we found none there, we saw abundance of it on the mountains around.

The largest of these depressions had a cave at its southern extremity, eating its way for a couple of hundred feet into the rock. This was the anciently famed Corycian Cave, about three miles behind the old town of Corycos, which Strabo tells us was celebrated in ancient cult as the prison where Jove kept bound the giant Typhon,* and where in those olden days frenzied oracles were uttered by its priests. Here we found several inscriptions identifying it, and accidentally by pulling down an outer wall in the temple of Jove which stood at the lip of the cave, we came across a list of the priest-kings of this district, one hundred and sixty-two in all, the rulers of the race of pirates down to the very last name before they were formed into a Roman province. This last name was that of King Archelaus, about whom Josephus has a good deal to tell us, whose daughter, Glaphyra, married the son of Herod the Great, and whose advice was much sought after by that monarch in settling his family disputes.

This is quite one of the most awe-inspiring spots I have ever seen, and from the nomads who dwell on its edge we in-

quired if they were not afraid of it, and if they never saw dread sights therein. "No," said the oldest man amongst them; "I and my father before me have spent the winter months here all our lives, and we have never seen anything. In fact, we call this hole Paradise, for we can tether our camels and stable our flocks in it. But there is another hole hard by, which we call Purgatory, into which no one can descend." So under his guidance we visited this place. It is separated from the Corycian Cave by a sea of pointed calcareous rocks, and it is a round hole a quarter of a mile round, with sides sloping inwards to the depth of two hundred feet, all hung with stalactites, amongst which countless pigeons build their nests. Without a good strong rope no one could possibly descend into it, and as we had not this wherewithal we were reluctantly obliged to forego the pleasure. "Only once to my knowledge has any one been down," said the old Yourouk. "About thirty years ago, a nomad shot a Turk, and dragged him still living to the hole. The Turk clung to the roots which hung around, but the nomad cut the stalks, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the abyss. A friend of his got a ship's rope, and went down to collect the scattered bones and gave them burial."

The old man also told us that the smoke of fires lighted in the Corycian Cave comes out here, and it is doubtless true; for these depressions have been made by one of those subterranean streams common in Asia Minor, and known by the name of *dudens*, making its way to the surface, so that there is probably an underground communication between the two.

Five miles from this spot there is a third depression similar in every respect to the Corycian Cave, with an old polygonal fortress of the pirates built at its lip, and anciently entered by a sloping road made of polygonal masonry. All this older masonry belongs to the pirate period, whereas the fine buildings by the coast and the magnificent tombs and sarcophagi were constructed after the Romans subdued the district. The pirates were naturally great devotees of Hermes, the god of illicit gain, and in our wanderings through this district we found three cave-temples walled up with polygonal masonry and dedicated to the god of plunder. From inscriptions we learned that this third depression was dedicated to the Olbian Jove, of whom classic lore is silent, though I doubt not in those dark ages he

* Strabo, p. 670; Æschylus, *Prom.* 351; and Pindar, *Pyth.* i. 31.

was quite as well known a god as the Corycian Jove, whose cave and temple we have just visited. Around this hole also dwelt many nomads in their tents and hovels, constructed out of the *débris* of the surrounding ruins. The approach to this ancient town and its depression is by a valley, the sides of which are honey-combed with rock-cut tombs, with quaint bas-reliefs over them, and inscriptions threatening dire penalties on the riflers thereof. "Let him who opens it eat the liver of his own child," ran one of the most awful of these threats. In these ready-made houses many of the nomads have taken up their abode, and it is curious to hear in these *quondam* homes of the departed the thud of the cotton-beater, the grinding of grain, and the gay chattering of the nomad women. We ourselves were not sorry during wet weather, when tents were anything but agreeable, to house ourselves in a rock-cut tomb. The stone benches on which the sarcophagi once stood formed excellent receptacles for our mattresses. On the flat space in the middle we set up our table and chairs, we hung a curtain before the aperture, and lit a fire outside the curtain to warm the air as it came in. In point of fact, archæological nomads could wish for no better abode than a clean, dry, rock-cut tomb, and never again shall we look upon those as necessarily mad who dwell in tombs. The large stone mausolea of the departed Greeks, with which this district is plentifully supplied, are used by the pastoral nomads for many purposes besides houses. In them they store their grain, in them they shut up their kids when their mothers are out at pasture, and they are entirely without ghost stories — a fact which would be at once highly discouraging to any one intent on psychological research.

We got very much interested in these wandering Yourouks during our stay amongst them. Sometimes we dwelt in their stone hovels, horrible holes with mud floors and dripping roofs approached by an aperture without a door, and occasionally lighted by an aperture without a window. In these many of the nomads of a sedentary tendency dwell for the three winter months — a period they look upon with natural horror, and speak of as "the ninety days," subdividing it again into three periods. The first of these they call *Kampsin*, which lasts for fifty days; then comes *Karadës*, or "black winter," a period of only ten days; and then one month called *Zembrai*, or the opening, a period naturally hailed with delight by a

people whose whole life is spent in the open air. In the district we traversed, now nameless, but which once was Olba, there are some twenty of these collections of scattered hovels. On a threatening evening when our tents would have been out of the question, we reached one of these called Vei Selli, and found no one at home; the doors were locked, and all the inhabitants had gone off to their tents. Disconsolately we sat down on our baggage, and lit a fire to boil our kettle, whilst a messenger was despatched to the owner of the best of the hovels for his wooden key, — for luckily the tribe had not as yet migrated very far. Towards sunset it came, and we inspected our tenement. The stable opened out of the dwelling-room, and sent forth fetid odors; the floor was sticky with mud; and there was no window, but a little light struggled down a chimney, up which no smoke would go, and we sighed for the comforts of our tomb.

The country we traversed was very similar — always the same grey rocks to the right and left of us, peeping out of the everlasting and almost impenetrable brushwood. At one time our rugged path led us up a deep gorge; at another time we were on an undulating plateau; and ever and anon we had to dismount, bag and baggage, whilst our horses and our chattels were literally dragged up and down places which were never intended for quadrupeds. No wonder the ancients called it "rugged Cilicia;" and in these fastnesses behind this rugged approach the pirates felt secure. Then, again, those wretched pirates had a fancy for placing their most interesting relics in all but inaccessible places. A fine series of thirteen bas-reliefs, with two inscriptions, were carved on a ledge in the rock half-way down an almost sheer precipice. We got there, and with exceeding difficulty got back, but we never contemplate a second visit to so dangerous a place.

On the undulating plateau grow amongst the brushwood wild olives and wild carobs, which told of former cultivation; and at every ruined village or town were wine-presses and wine-reservoirs, which told of vineyards in abundance which have long since disappeared, and that the Cilician pirates were not strangers to the festive bowl. Occasionally we came across little flat spaces in the mountains, clear of the grey rocks, and full of rich, red marl. On this the nomads grow their grain, and the contrast of the red soil with its skirting of grey rocks, and the dark green foliage of

the brushwood, the holly-oak, the liquorice, the arbutus, and that awful thorn which the Greeks call "the devil with the many nails," is very striking. This rough undulating country, gradually sloping upwards to the mighty snow-capped peaks of the Karamanian Mountains, is rent by numerous gorges, formed by tiny streams which have eaten their way through the calcareous rocks.

Of these streams, the so-called Lamas River is the most considerable, and in our wanderings we went up almost the whole of its course to its source in the Karamanian Mountains. For this course, only about fifty miles with all its windings, the Lamas eats its way through a gorge which resembles somewhat forked lightning. In the heart of the Taurus, at eventide from our quarters on the plateau above, we watched the curious effect of clouds rising out of the gorge, and showing the zigzag course of the stream almost to its mouth. The Lamas gorge is never more than half a mile across, and the stupendous walls on either side of it, of sheer precipice, reach an elevation in some places of two thousand feet. In one part the passage is so narrow that it does not even afford a foothold for the acrobatic nomad; and the pathway is therefore on the mountain above, and not unfrequently you have to go for miles along the edge of the cliff before finding a means for descent. In certain places the nomads have paths descending to the stream known only to themselves, and practicable only for a people of goatlike mode of life.

All along the Lamas gorge the Cilician pirates had their eyries. Every three or four miles we came across the ruins of their towns with their polygonal masonry, and walls of massive pre-Roman structure always perched on the cliffs, which go down sheer into the stream. Some of these had evidences of high civilization, — public buildings, theatres, and temples; and yet, such has been the oblivion in which this wild district has been shrouded, both ancient and modern geographers are silent as to their existence. On most of the fortresses we found heraldic devices, or local marks carved on the edge, showing that the pirates had made some advance in the study of heraldry. Perhaps the most curious of them all is the castle now called Pireneh, built on a peak, jutting out like a promontory into the gorge, and protected on two sides by it, whilst the third is only approachable by a narrow ledge, but in the days of the pirates a flight of many steps cut in the rock led

down from the castle to the stream, which is fifteen hundred feet below. This staircase is not practicable now, as many of the steps have been eaten away in the lapse of years.

The castle of Pireneh is now the haunt only of the ibex or wild goat and the bear. During the summer months these wild animals come down to the Lamas stream to drink when the mountain ponds are dry, and are shot by the nomads, who hide behind the rocks on the paths they are known to frequent. These mountains are full of big game, and it is a quaint idea of the nomads that if a civilized individual drinks of the rain-water which lodges in the crevices of the rocks, he will become wild as they are, and in this way they account for their love of roving. In these same clear pools their diviners profess to see the future, and tell the events which are to come. The Lamas River feeds the aqueducts of two big towns in the days of the pirates, and it is still a useful river, turning water-mills, and providing splendid fish. Woodcutters send down trees by it to the shore and the nomads use it to irrigate the tiny little fields in which they sow their grain on its banks. The sheer cliffs are full of tombs, and in these at one period anchorites used to dwell, who have painted in red letters on the walls pious texts and other relics of their occupation. In truth it is one of the most exquisite spots nature could ever have invented, with its rich verdure below, plane-trees overhanging the rapid streams, and fig-trees clinging to the rocks, which climb to such a height on either side.

The natural abode of the nomad Yourouk is his black goat's-hair tent with open sides, against which, for protection, he places his camel pack-saddles in a row, forming a sort of wall. In the centre are spread the family mattresses by night, which are rolled up by day and placed on the saddles to be out of the way. His life is occupied in looking after his flocks, and according to the season he moves from one pasture to another. Into such a form of camp life we plunged, when engaged in studying a ruined town of the pirates, at a spot now known as Maidan. On a little green plateau were collected half-a-dozen tents; in the brushwood for miles around were other tents belonging to the same tribe. It took but little time for Captain Achmed to persuade them to evacuate two of their tents for our benefit, and we gave up our own to the use of our servant. The one allotted to us was exceedingly open, one side being formed by a rock, and the

bottom of the others being merely closed by branches of brushwood. But as it was fine weather and warm, we were very comfortable. Here we remained for several days, and the story of our life whilst there was the story of a Yourouk, be he pastoral or archæological.

Each tent has its spinning-wheel and its loom, a hole for working the pedals of which is dug in the ground, and all the women of the tribe were engaged in making the far-famed Karamanian carpets. There is the wooden mortar for grinding the roast coffee-berries in, the decorated wooden platter in which they cool the same, the wooden water-jars made out of the hollowed stems of pine-trees. Everything almost they use is of wood, and gaily decorated with rude patterns, according to their fancy. When reaping, a Yourouk uses wooden gloves to protect his left hand from the sickle. When tending his flock, the Yourouk shepherd has a long wooden flute, encased in a carved wooden case made of two bits of wood glued together, and strung with ribbons and colored beads across his shoulder, looking for all the world like the African assegai, or some other primitive weapon of war. In it he always keeps a long stick with goat's hair at one end to clean it, and really the weird music that he produces with this instrument, known as the *naï*, is very striking, and suitable to the surroundings.

In one corner of the tent are the beehives — long trunks of trees hollowed out, and the ends stopped with dung-cakes. The bees travel with them, wherever they go, on the backs of camels, and their honey resembles cakes of soap, for they boil it, wax and all, before eating it. The Yourouks have not the remotest idea of letters, and carry on their transactions with the outer world by means of wooden tallies, — four-sided bits of wood, sometimes gaily carved, sometimes plain. Notches are cut first down one angle and then down the other when payments are made, and a fully notched tally is equivalent to a receipt. They are by nature very honest, and the Turks call them "the policemen of the mountains," for they are ever ready to give useful information to the authorities concerning Circassian, and Kourdish robbers who haunt these mountains. One night a horse of ours (not Strabo) was stolen. Its owner was in great tribulation, and Captain Achmed used dire imprecations, whilst I felt confident we should never see it again, and much walking for the future would be my portion. As luck would have it, a set of

Yourouks identified the horse and the thief, as he was on his way with it to the mountains. They fired on him, and he fled into the brushwood, leaving our horse behind him, which was duly restored to its overjoyed master. On one occasion we suffered ourselves from this honesty of theirs, for certain officious Yourouks gave information to the governor of the neighboring town of Selefkeh that suspicious travellers in search of treasure were in their midst. He accordingly sent a small army to capture us, and, much against our will, we had to go to prove in his august presence our innocence and our identity, and when we had done this, to abuse him soundly from daring to take free-born Englishmen prisoners without a cause. The Yourouks have great ideas of their own about treasure hunting. They believe that the builders of the ruins amongst which we were searching were their ancestors, and that they put up inscriptions on rock and ruin to guide their descendants to the spot where treasure lies concealed. With our own eyes we have seen them digging a hole beneath a Greek inscription, and chiselling into an inscribed column in perfect faith that gold will be found inside; so no wonder they looked with suspicion on us, and could not see what we could be doing with the inscriptions, unless it was to find the locality of hidden treasure.

It was interesting every evening to watch the home-coming of the flocks, the rushing to and fro of frantic, bare-legged women, with bags of salt in one hand and bowls in the other — for salt is the bribe which they offer to the refractory goat to induce it to stand still, — and their language is anything but feminine on these occasions. Then the kids, which are usually in charge of the children of the tribe, and do not go far from the camp, are let loose, bleating and leaping over one another, all eager for their evening meal, and many were the kicks and rebuffs these little things got when in their eagerness they selected a wrong mother. When all was quiet again, and the goats had retired to their enclosure for the night, the women proceeded to prepare the evening meal at the tent door before darkness set in. Fires of sticks were lighted, and on wooden platters they rolled up dough. Into this they put green herbs, and cooked the cakes over the fire on iron platters. When ready, the family was summoned, and all ate in silence. With the darkness all retire to rest, for lights other than turpentine torches are unknown amongst them.

Their flocks consist of goats and sheep. The goats are of several descriptions and various colors — some with long, twisted horns, some without; some with the long, flowing, silken hair of the Angora, others with short, stubby growth; but the sheep are all of that quaint Oriental description which one sees depicted on the bas-relief of Persepolis, with such enormous tails of fat that cases are on record of shepherds providing tiny wooden carts for the sheep to carry its appendage on. I have frequently seen sheep quite weighed down by them, but I have only heard of and never actually set eyes on the cart. These sheep are mentioned by Moses in Leviticus, and by Herodotus, who tells us that the tails were "one cubit in width." This weighty "bustle" is usually about the size of an ordinary football, and consists of a mass of fat on each side of the sheep's spinal cord, and forms, as we discovered, a most excellent substitute for dripping, and far preferable for cooking purposes to the rancid butter the nomads provided us with.

Most tribes of Yourouks on the southern slopes of the Taurus go in largely for camel-breeding. The stunted brushwood amongst which they live is excellent pasture for them. They produce here that sort of mule camel known in Asia Minor as the Toulou camel, — a cross between the Syrian and the Bactrian, excellent for standing heat and cold, mountain or plain. Every encampment we visited had a number of camels, — tiny foals a few hours old, and broken-down old camels which had carried for many seasons the Yourouk tents up into the mountains. A camel, we learnt, has a great fancy for tobacco, and will often stretch its long neck around to receive a whiff from its owner's cigarette or pipe.

As for the Yourouks themselves, they will do anything for tobacco and coffee, smoking the dried leaves of certain mountain herbs they know of when they cannot get the genuine article; and for coffee, too, they have an excellent substitute, slightly medicinal, and more aromatic in flavor, which they produce from the seed of a sort of thistle which grows abundantly on their mountains (*Gundelia Tournefortia*). Coffee and tobacco are often more serviceable to the traveller to have with him than money when amongst the nomads, for everything is done over coffee. Whenever we wanted to ascertain the whereabouts of ruins or inscriptions, Captain Achmed would summon the men of the tribe to a solemn cup of coffee and a conclave. Then he would offer either to-

bacco or fractions of a penny, known as metallics, to those who professed to be able to guide us to such things. They generally chose the tobacco, and terrible walks they would take me at times; their hour generally grew into two or three, or sometimes four. Now and again my labors were rewarded with success, and a further item was added to the history of the pirates; but as often as not their expeditions ended in some miserable fiasco, fatigue, and loss of temper. A rock with natural marks upon it was supposed to be an inscription. A cave, supported by a natural pillar, was in their idea a ruin of exceeding importance. Tombs of a recent date were the frequent cause of acute disappointment. But notwithstanding the many failures, each walk had a charm of its own amongst the gorges, the rocks, and the brushwood of rugged Cilicia; and each walk increased my admiration for the instinct for locality possessed by these nomads, who could thread their way with unerring steps through this mazy labyrinth.

In their home life the Yourouks have their peculiarities. They are the least religious people I ever came across, though professing to be followers of Mohammed. They have no mosques, nor did I see them saying the prayers or performing the ablutions inculcated by the Koran more than once or twice during the months we spent amongst them. They have their children circumcized, for the fact was forcibly brought before our notice one day during our stay at Maidan, when the travelling operator appeared to initiate the young Yourouks into the first mysteries of their religion, and the greensward before the tent of the aga, or chief man, was chosen for the ceremony, and the children from all the neighboring tents were here assembled for treatment. Beyond this outward symbol there appears to be but little of the religious zeal common in Mohammedan communities, and the Turkish officials are constantly urging them to have mosques in certain spots, and to employ *hodjas* to instruct their children. But they will have none of these things. In one settlement we visited, high up in the mountains, a pious Mussulman had built them a mosque, but its roof was off, and I should think no service had been performed there for many years.

Nevertheless, it is perhaps too sweeping an accusation to say that there is no religion amongst them. A Yourouk of the mountain has his sacred tree, specimens of which we frequently came across

in wild, remote spots. Rags are hung to them, and wooden spoons as votive offerings. Little piles of stones are heaped up by passers-by in the vicinity, and when a person dies they bring the corpse to one of these trees, read a few verses of the Koran over it, and take a handful of the small stones to put upon the grave; and furthermore, the idea is current amongst them that a corpse should be buried near a pathway, that the passers-by may pray for its welfare. Religion in a modified form is present with them, and the religion of honesty and the respect for the good of others is far more present with them than it is amongst the Orientals who inhabit the towns and haunts of men. A verbal contract made over a cup of coffee is as binding to them as a written one, and the biggest rogues in the Levant are those to whom this primitive verbal contract has lost its value — those who are, so to speak, in the transition stage between patriarchal simplicity and the laws of civilization.

One of the most intelligent Yourouks we came across was called Osman. He knew something of letters, and could distinguish them from marks on the rocks, so that he never took me wild-goose chases whilst we were in his district. He had a pleasing, round face, like all his race, but far more intelligent. His long white petticoats, blue jacket, and red fez made him decidedly picturesque, though perhaps not so strikingly so as some of his fellows who indulged in yellow cotton and red girdles. He gave me a good deal of information on the religious question, and spoke of the desire the government had to centralize the nomads, and induce those with families to reside, for some months of the year at any rate, where some instruction could be got for their young. "But," said he, "the spirit of roving freedom is innate in us; we could never conform to any other mode of life." And I could fancy that the nomad races of Asia Minor, like the Indians of America, if brought into immediate and forcible contact with the sedentary habits of the civilized, would dwindle away and become extinct.

For the present, however, there is no fear of such a contingency, for a more polygamous race can scarcely exist than the Yourouks of the Taurus. Every wife has a large family, and if it were not for the high rate of infant mortality, they would increase and multiply alarmingly. A well-to-do Yourouk would think himself disgraced had he less than six or seven wives, or, more properly speaking, six or seven slaves. These good ladies do not

all occupy the same tent, nor even the same encampment, but are scattered hither and thither with varied occupations. One wife minds the camels, two or three look after the flocks in different pasturages; a wife to spin and a wife to weave, a wife to cook and a wife to hew wood and draw water, completes the probable sum total of a Yourouk's harem; and as hired labor is unknown amongst them, the multiplication of family ties is absolutely necessary for advance in life. A poorly clad Yourouk was very glad to earn a few coppers by acting as our guide when we were encamped at a spot called Jambeslii, amid the ruined fortresses of a pirate town built on the edge of a gorge. He was said to be very low indeed in the scale of humanity; and on inquiring, I found that he was only able to keep three wives, and I could see that the Yourouks estimate the social position of their neighbors, much as we do in England, by the number of servants they are able to keep.

Womanhood is, as a natural result of this system, sunk very low amongst them. A woman in her red petticoats, open jacket, and untidy head, is condemned to rush bare-legged after the goats, amid stones and brambles. Her only ornaments are cowrie-beads and brass bracelets; and the surprise evinced at seeing their wrinkled faces in the looking-glass proved that the sin of vanity is unknown amongst them. When at the well fetching water, or at the stream thumping their clothes between stones to get them clean, they appear to have hardly anything on, and they are not ashamed; poor, hounded things, they have no cause for shame. Anything like immorality is unknown amongst them.

We saw one or two betrothals and marriages whilst among them. At the betrothal the husband-elect generally agrees on the sum which he can pay for his future bride. In fact, the betrothal is the purchase of a slave pure and simple. When all arrangements are made, some one plays a tambourine or a flute, guns are let off, and the engaged couple exchange handkerchiefs. The marriage ceremony is a trifle gayer. Men go round with the bridegroom on horse or camel back to the tents in the neighborhood three or four times before the day of the wedding, and feasting and dancing are indulged in in the evenings. Generally on the fourth day the bride is brought to her husband's tent, he entertains his guests with coffee and food, and the ceremony is concluded. But these oft-repeated weddings lose their zest,

and a man with a prospect of so much matrimony before him cannot afford the time and money generally devoted to such occasions by a European monogamist.

Wife-stealing is common amongst the nomad tribes; though in excess of the male population, the supply of females is not equal to the demand, and constant skirmishes occur with neighboring tribes when a girl, or not unfrequently a matron, is snatched from her home.

It is fortunate that infant mortality is not even greater, considering the little attention that Yourouk mothers pay to their offspring when they get beyond the age of swaddling; and even then, to our minds, the treatment of infant life is odd. The mother heats some fine earth with a hot stone from her fire; this she binds with the swaddling-bands tightly round the child, and it is dressed for the day. Either it hangs from its mother's back or it swings in a goat-skin attached to a rope from the tent-pole, or as often as not is left to roll in the mud. If the babe survives this stage and the next, when it runs about barefoot in the mud and cold, it grows up strong and healthy, and every Yourouk may be said to be an example of the survival of the fittest. They are a fine, hardy race, capable of the most wonderful feats of endurance. In times of famine they can subsist on bread made of acorns — bitter, and with next to no nutriment in it. In times of plenty they eat little else but their flabby oat-cake, washed down with butter-milk. Sometimes, as a great luxury, the housewife boils in a huge caldron the cones of a species of juniper (*Juniperus drupacea*), which, with a little flour in it, produces a brown sweet, not unlike chocolate-cream in taste and consistency, and exceedingly satisfying. They also consume a great deal of a coarse, pungent cheese, and they are cunning in selecting food amongst the herbs on their mountains. But meat they seldom touch, nor wine, nor any of those many things which spoil our sedentary digestions.

During our stay in their tents and hovels we were able to form a fair idea of what their intercourse is with the outer world. A well-to-do man, usually a Greek from one of the neighboring towns, will provide a tribe of Yourouks with a flock by what is called an "immortal contract" — that is to say, the Greek engages to keep up the number of animals in case famine or disease diminish them. The Yourouk on his side agrees to produce for his patron so much butter, cheese, and milk. The con-

tract is always a verbal one, and instances of cheating, I am told, are very rare; and if the seasons are prosperous, the tribe often succeeds in paying off the lender, and the flocks become their own.

Periodically a travelling tinker comes amongst them, the great newsmonger of the mountain. He chooses a central spot to pitch his tent, and the most wonderful collection of decrepit copper utensils is soon brought from the neighboring tents and piled around. He usually brings with him a young assistant to look after the mule and blow the bellows; and with nitre heated at his fire he mends the damaged articles, gossiping the while, and filling the minds of the simple Yourouks who stand around with wonderful tales, not always within the bounds of veracity. When his work is done he removes to another central point, and after he has amassed as many fees as his mule can carry, for they usually pay in cheese and butter, he returns to his town and realizes a handsome profit.

Cattle merchants also come, generally rascally Kourds, and over endless cups of coffee effect the purchase of the surplus flock which the nomads do not wish to take with them up to the mountains. They are always spring visitors, and their tents are the centre of great excitement for days together. Around them sit the chiefs of the tribes in solemn silence, smoking their long pipes and sipping coffee, whilst the women come up outside with the goats and sheep to be offered for sale, screaming and yelling as is their wont. When the merchants have collected as many animals as they can manage, they set off with them to the towns where they can effect a profitable sale.

Camel dealers, wool merchants, skin merchants, and tax-collectors all make their periodical rounds amongst the nomads, and as each tribe visits the same pastures every year at stated times, there is no difficulty for those accustomed to their habits to know where to find their clients.

Besides their pastoral vocations the nomads have a few other sources of livelihood. The Yourouks with whom we dwelt at Maidan occupy themselves in making pitch. Two circular holes are dug in the ground; into one of these they cast fir branches, which they burn, and the turpentine flows out of it, as from a wine-press, into the other hole. Their tents were redolent with pitch collected like rancid butter in skins, and pressed down, and not a whit more agreeable. Other

tribes devote some of their-time to charcoal-burning, and one and all they are frightfully destructive to the forests among which they wander. Acres of fine straight fir-trees, such as ship merchants would give good prices for for masts, are burnt annually by their fires; acres are cut down ruthlessly to secure pasturage for the flocks; and hundreds of trees are annually destroyed by tapping them just above the roots for turpentine.

Before aniline dyes were invented the Yourouks drove a good trade in color-making from the herbs which grow on their mountain-sides; but now, alas! even for the purpose of dyeing their own wools for carpet-making, they purchase atrocious colors from Europe, with the result that their trade is gone, and with it the harmony in colors for which their carpets were once celebrated. Why they should have developed a taste for magenta, grass-green, and kindred colors, which are so different from their own, is a mystery, but such is the melancholy fact.

Every household commodity is made at home. The women spin their husbands' clothes, and it is not an uncommon thing to see an old Yourouk man, whose days of active work are over, plying the distaff like his wife, or standing at his tent door with a spindle in his hands. Their shoes are made out of raw untanned hide, cut in a circle, and fastened round the instep by a thong. These are most excellent things for adhering to their rocky paths—far better than my boots when those rocks were slippery. They put their shoes into water every night to prevent their getting hard, and a pair will last about a fortnight.

They sow for themselves only just enough grain for domestic use, in the mountain valleys and in every tiny level space where there is an absence of rock, and they are few and far between in rugged Cilicia. Their threshing-floors are round, flat spaces constructed at the edge of their fields round which they are accustomed to drive over the grain on pieces of wood with bits of flint set in below—most probably bearing a striking resemblance to the "new sharp threshing instrument having teeth" mentioned by Isaiah (xli. 15). For grinding grain the wealthier have the regular grindstones with two handles, common in the East; but the poorer are content to grind their grain in holes or natural mortars in the rocks, with a rounded stone for pestle.

High up in the Taurus range, shortly before the passes into Karamania are reached, we archæological nomads came

across the object of our search—namely, the capital of the district of Olba, where the priest-kings of the Cilician pirates held their court. Still we were always amongst Yourouks, who have converted the ruins of this ancient capital on the hill of the castle of Djebel Hissar, as they call it, into the nearest approach to a village that the district contains. The inhabitants of this spot are perhaps the most sedentary of their race, inasmuch as the spot is thirty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. They can here remain all the year round, though how they pass the winter months in those miserable hovels amid ice and snow was a mystery to us. Even in April the snow had not long disappeared, and the cold, biting winds made us pile on logs to our fire, despite the blinding smoke which poured from it into our den.

The capital of the pirate district, even in its ruins, is very fine. It consists of two distinct parts—one on the hill, where are the principal buildings, and one in the valley below, about one and a half miles distant; these towns were joined by a fine paved road, lined on both sides with rock-cut tombs and ruined buildings. It was on an aqueduct which supplied the lower town with water that we found an inscription which settled the question as to the discovery of the object of our search: "The city of the Olbian Castles erected this water-course." It was a late inscription of the Roman period, but for this we did not care—the site of the capital of the pirates was found. Up in the higher town the two chief buildings were a fort and the Temple of Jove. On the fort we found an inscription which told us that it was erected "under the priesthood of Teucer, the son of Tarkyarios, and under the direction of Tberemos, the son of Orbalaseta of Olba." Such a formula as this we found on the fortress at the lip of the Olbian cave, near the sea, and the statements of Strabo as to the dynasty and priesthood of Teucer were substantially confirmed. The great temple was about half a mile from the fort. It owes its preservation to the fact that it was subsequently converted into a Christian church; the columns are all there, thirty-two in all, of the Corinthian order, and most of the wall enclosing the sacred precincts is still standing. This was the shrine where the priest-kings of the Teucrid dynasty held their sacerdotal court. A few hundred yards from the Temple of Jove were five elegant columns standing, with monolithic granite shafts and Corinthian capitals—

all that is left of a temple of Tyche, which, from an inscription, we were able to name. There stood, too, a Roman triumphal arch, the remains of a long colonnade, a theatre, and many other buildings on this hill of ruins, and as we contemplated them we were full of admiration for the pirates who had erected them. In the district of Olba we found something like seventy inscriptions, giving us true glimpses of the history of the pirates.

In the world's history it has been the fate of many men and many races who have not written their own history, to suffer, like authors who cannot review their own books, from the adverse criticism of the opposite side. Luckily for the Cilician pirates they have left ruins behind them, and decrees, inscriptions, and bas-reliefs on their rocks, which prove to us that they were no ruffian bandits, like those which now haunt Asia Minor, but a race of wealthy, civilized, and independent men, whose marauding was doubtless carried on in self-defence, and in resistance to that gigantic power which eventually crushed them in its iron grasp.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Longman's Magazine.
SARK.

I ONCE had a friend who made a fruitless attempt to induce me to accompany him to Copenhagen by representing to me that the cherry brandy was undeniable and as cheap as water, and that all the women were exactly like the Princess of Wales. Sixteen years ago I first set foot in Sark, and although my stay was limited to some six hours or so—in fact a day's trip from Guernsey—my life has ever since been more or less tinged with the romance of that visit, and many are the occasions on which I have burdened my friends with my reminiscences of that

Summer isle of Eden, lying bosomed in deep purple seas.

Before long my vivid impressions faded into tradition, and then even that died out, and fancy reigned supreme; and still I went on with my tale. My Copenhagen friend's statement took some such form as this:—

"Do you smoke or drink? If so, you can inhale the rarest Havannas all day long and sip the choicest of Gascon wine"—whatever that may be—"at a merely

nominal price. If you don't indulge in these luxuries, but have the fear of Sir Wilfrid before you, why then you can bask in the surf and literally wallow in peaches. There the trammels of civilization utterly decline to work, and Arcadia is revived. For the romantic, the shepherd and shepherdess life; for the more sordidly disposed, air like champagne, and the *Globe* and *Pall Mall* of the previous evening."

And I backed up my statement to a certain extent by a reference to "Caste." Who that witnessed the scene can ever forget Bancroft as he stood, with difficulty keeping Eccles at bay with his walking-stick, while he endeavored to impress on him the desirability of the Norman archipelago as a permanent residence?

However, while I importuned my friends, in season and out of season, to go to Sark, I steadily refrained from going there myself. I have noticed that in this respect I bear a strong resemblance to other people whose forte is advising.

At last the propitious moment arrived. The summer, both in England and on the Continent, was in a hopeless condition. The Channel Islands, and therein more particularly Sark, Serk, or Sercq, presented an offchance of a higher temperature within measurable distance. Accompanied by the faithful companion of my toils and sharer of my joys—"in short," as Mr. Micawber would say, by my wife—I took ship and so to Guernsey. Arriving there in early morning I had just time before breakfast to satisfy myself that one of my impressions of that sixteen years' old visit was not a delusion, and that Guernsey still possesses what is to my mind incomparably the best bathing-place in the world. Talk of Boveney and Sandford and the upper reaches of the Thames generally! they can't hold a candle to it; and the ordinary sea-bathing-place of commerce I consider to be utterly beneath contempt. Here you have what appears to be a large basin cut out of the rock, and protected seawards by a strong wall fitted with natural platforms so cunningly devised that you can suit yourselves with any depth of water from one to nine feet and any form of "header." The tide comes in over the wall, ensuring a complete change of water twice daily, and, when it is out, it leaves you the most perfect pool of still water to bathe in. If you prefer the open sea, you can always have it by diving off the wall at low tide or simply swimming over it at high water; but, to me, the absence of wave means perfection in bathing. I will only add that I am in-

formed and believe that the ladies' bathing-place is equally good.

Breakfast over, we had just time to embark ourselves and our belongings in one of the little steamers which run almost daily to Sark, a distance of seven miles or so, "weather permitting," and this is not an unimportant proviso on these shores. A rockbound, inhospitable coast, with cliffs full of grim menace, it looks as if it had been heaved up by some convulsion of nature — just the picture of one of those robber-strongholds in which Mr. R. L. Stevenson delights — and the puzzle is to know how or where we can possibly land. This is solved by our suddenly encountering a massive wall built out into the sea for the purpose of forming a small harbor. Otherwise, landing-place there is none for a craft above the dimensions of a cutter or lugger; for the bay in the north of the island which formerly did duty can scarcely be called efficient.

On landing, our Stevensonian memories were freshly awakened by the appearance of sundry piratical-looking boatmen in red caps, by a drawbridge, and by a mighty frowning rock, a tunnel through which is the sole means of ingress to the island. Our modest luggage was packed into an ancient dogcart, and we ascended by a good road, fringed with banks of fern and gorse and fragrant with hedges of honeysuckle, to our destination. The ascent is steep and long, and it is a notable fact that all the houses stand high, and, for the most part, inland. No marine parades greet the eye here, and, thank goodness! the bathing-machine is as extinct as the moa. Bitter winter experiences and an occasional landslide have doubtless taught the islanders that a sea-view is not a thing to be desired, and the machine which will survive the Sark beach and the Sark breakers has yet to be invented. It will have to approximate in solidity to the build of an eighty-ton gun.

We were lodged and boarded in a clean and comfortable farmhouse, as is the custom here, there being but two inns, and those of not very large dimensions. Two small general shops supply the more immediate wants of the inhabitants, and, for the rest, they trust to the daily steamer from Guernsey and to occasional luggers which run across on emergency.

We were not long in discovering that my early impressions as to fruit were hopelessly wrong. There is little or no sign of a fruit-tree in Sark, and, although Guernsey could supply it, the remorseless maw of Covent Garden swallows all, and more

than all, that the latter island can produce. The price of fruit in Guernsey runs pretty nearly as high as, if not higher than, in London. A few raspberries — and those in a tart — represented practically our fruit-supply during our stay, and the only outward and visible sign was a wild profusion of blackberry blossom.

Certainly, tobacco and strong waters are cheap enough, especially for him who imports the latter from Guernsey for himself, as the retail price in Sark seems decidedly high; and while mentioning this I have much pleasure in recording that during our sojourn we never encountered a single person, native or alien, who showed any signs of liquor. Let the Good Templars take note of this, and the daughters of Rechab be glad. Apropos of tobacco, although shag at tenpence per pound, rejoices the heart of Tommy Atkins when quartered in these regions, the prices of the higher classes of cigars and cigarettes, for some occult reason, does not show any material reduction on their values in England. But what need of such mundane comforts has one who breathes the glorious air of Sark, which is meat, drink, tobacco, and flannel waistcoats in itself?

The inhabitants are most kindly disposed and glad to see visitors. Although, with the exception of the very old people, they are quite capable of talking English, and that language is taught in the schools, they prefer to converse among themselves in a strange lingo which we should call a French *patois* of the most provincial description were we not assured on the best authority that it is a survival of the old Norman-French, the language of kings, statesmen, and heroes, and that it is one of the most interesting relics in the present day of the *Langue d'oïl*.

The blood-thirsty pirate of the Middle Ages and the bold buccaneer of the last century have equally disappeared, and have left no trace behind them; for it cannot be supposed that the civil-spoken, quiet fisherman of to-day can trace his origin to the roaring blades who made this island their rendezvous. The caves and their traditions alone recall the days when the Jolly Roger had it all its own way.

One of our first proceedings was to perambulate the boundaries of our kingdom, which is effected by going round the island in a boat — a work of some five hours. This is eminently necessary for the purpose of generally getting one's bearings, and thereby guiding one's footsteps in future land-explorations; and the

endless panorama which the rugged shores supply is unequalled by any coast scenery we know elsewhere. One bay succeeds another, each with its own particular features; mighty caves, some accessible only by water; rocks, single, and in groups, standing out in every sort of fantastic shape, full of suggestions of Titanic cathedrals and palaces, and bearing terrible testimony to the dangers of these shores (one was shown to us almost cloven in twain by a ship which ran on to it about sixty years ago and went down with all hands); and everywhere the crystal clear water with luxuriant forests of seaweed floating far beneath us. We came ashore, fully understanding that it requires a lifetime to know these coasts, and that none but a Sark boatman can be trusted to pilot a vessel in Sark waters.

We were now in a position to survey the island by land, and in this we were greatly aided by quite the best and most practical little guide-book that it has ever been my good fortune to come across. It sticks close to the point and tells you exactly what you want to know and no more. The joint authors, who prefer to remain anonymous on the cover of their work, deserve something *à la perennius* from all visitors; and it is possible that that something will be the said guide-book, which will probably be reproduced in successive editions as roads change and gates alter, until time with Sark shall be no more.

It is not my intention to trench on their province, and for anything approaching a detailed reference to the beauties of Sark I must refer all intending visitors to their pages; the work only costs sixpence. I merely content myself with annexing one statement of theirs, namely, that although the island is only one and a half miles across at the broadest part and three miles long, he who fancies that it takes a short time to see it never made a greater mistake in his life. The story of the man who came for a day and spent the remainder of his existence here is quite credible. After weeks spent in exploring the bays, in scrambling over the rocks, and in trying to devise new means of penetrating the caverns, one is quite ready to begin all over again; and its great superiority over the ordinary seaside place lies in this, that each morning and each afternoon, at the cost of the shortest of strolls, you can get an impression of the sea perfectly fresh and distinct from any which you may have had previously. Its aspects at high and low tides differ *in toto*, and are qualified in accordance with the particular cliff

or bay from which you may chance to be viewing them.

Thus in the morning we might lie basking in the sunlight above the Port du Moulin — the road to which lies through a miniature forest, past fuchsia-laden cottages — with the gulls and cormorants wheeling and barking round our heads from their roosting-places on the inaccessible strongholds of Les Autelets, with the islands of Herm, its far-famed shell-beach always a conspicuous landmark, and Jethou shimmering in the haze, and Guernsey lying outstretched beyond them; and in the afternoon we would shift our position to the Banquette point — a bathing-place to be remembered — and look out over the coast line of Normandy clearly defined, with Jersey lying far away on our right; and again in the evening we might take up our position in the north of the island above the ancient landing-place, L'Éperquerie, where all around us seemed redolent of the old smuggling days, and the never ceasing surf boils round the Bec du Nez, and fancy ourselves in Amyas Leigh's position, addressing poor Don Guzman — that most ill-used of beings — engulfed far below. Or we might sit at the foot of the column at Longue Pointe, which records the sad fate of Mr. Pilcher and his comrades, with the quaint harbor of Havre Gosselin — most difficult of access — and its flotilla of fishing-boats tossing beneath us, watching the rays of the declining sun gilding the outline of the island of Brecqhou, as it stretched away in front of us; while towards the southwest something like six thousand miles of sea faded away into the infinite.

Of course we traversed the Coupée, that most awesome neck of land which connects Great and Little Sark, with its narrow road of five feet or so in width and a clear drop of a hundred yards on either side, and reflected that it was not the place which we should select when driving a jibbing horse on a starless night. Equally of course we explored the Gouliot caves, studded with anemones closely resembling, to the poetic eye, rubies and emeralds — to the ordinary observer, cherries and greengages — and bristling with the uncanny "dead men's fingers," and shuddered meanwhile at the gruesome thought of being cut off by the tide. There was, as a matter of fact, very little chance of that, as we always kept a sharp lookout. Still, any accident which caused delay might put one in a nasty plight, and we always had a feeling of relief when we were clear of them. The same remark

applies to most of the other caves with which Sark abounds — notably to the Boutiques, those strange freaks of nature, the favorite storehouses of the smuggler, with two or three openings seaward, all difficult to get at, and another entrance inland far above the level of the sea. The main entrance has of late been materially altered in appearance by reason of landslips. Large masses of fallen and still falling boulders threaten before long to block it up entirely, and bear eloquent testimony to the stealthy, irresistible manner in which the sea is forever sapping the foundations of the island. If Victor Hugo is right in his statement that Jersey was only separated from France — physically speaking — in the eighth century, we have data for calculating how long it will be before Sark disappears entirely.

Then the days and days which we spent fishing just outside the harbor, pulling in whiting — some of them great big fellows too — as fast almost as we could get our lines in, when they were “on the feed,” and varying our bag with an occasional John Dory, mackerel, or golden-hued rock-fish, and sometimes — greatest prize of all — that mysterious creature which the fishermen call “long-nose,” and the like of which we only remember to have seen in that world which lives “Through the Looking-Glass.” If Tenniel had not these fish in his eye when he introduced us to those animals which

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,

then our memories of his picture have sadly failed us. I will not describe them further than to say that their bones are green and that they are particularly palatable. Hour after hour we rocked in the briny, anchored off the quaint group of rocks which bears the name of Les Burons, in six fathoms of water, with our never-failing escort of gulls and oyster-catchers swimming and hovering round, waiting for our sand-eels when their attractive powers as bait should be exhausted. Not unfrequently they “went for” the sand-eel on our surface lines and fluttered off with our hook, but they dropped the tempting morsel like the proverbial potato before they were fairly hooked.

The staple trade here is the lobster fishery, and in every direction the corks which denote the whereabouts of the lobster-pots are to be seen bobbing about. We have read of the delights of a day's lobster-fishing, but to us it seems an over-rated pastime. As Dr. Johnson would say, “When you have pulled up one pot

you have pulled up all,” so far as amusement is concerned. It struck us that for the inventor there is a decided opening in the lobster-pot line. To invent a pot, which will prevent the lobster absconding with the bait after he has got inside, will be to benefit a large section of the human race, both the fisher and the consumer. In a very large percentage of the pots which we saw hauled up this *contretemps* had occurred, and the wily crustacean was doubtless squatting hard by, shaking his sides with laughter, and praying for another pot.

Bathing in Sark waters for the non-swimmer is not to be recommended, and for the weak or delicate swimmer is a somewhat doubtful pleasure, as it generally involves a stiffish climb afterwards. For the strong there are many headlands and creeks where a bathe at high tide is simply glorious. Low tide is not so favorable, by reason both of the rocky nature of the coast and the unpleasant strength of the surf, which knocks one about considerably on the smallest provocation on the part of the wind. We at first went in wholesome dread of the *pieuvre*, or devil fish. Gruesome recollections of Victor Hugo's description of that terrible “viscosity,” with its five suckers, tough as leather and pliant as steel, which wind themselves round you, while the remaining three lash themselves to a rock by way of purchase, to steady the *pieuvre* as it drinks you alive, haunted us persistently. Hugo had told us that, though it is very rare in Guernsey, and very small in Jersey, it is very big and common enough in Sark; and his account of the fisherman who had “recently” been drowned near Brecqhou by the *pieuvre*, and his testimony as an eye-witness to the chase of the bather in the Boutiques by the same monster, all contributed to make us “water shy,” and we lost no time in making inquiries of the fishermen concerning him. We fully expected to see a shade of horror cross their faces and that their reply would come with bated breath. On the contrary, it was most reassuring: —

“*Pieuvre*? Oh, yes, we catch him sometimes. Use him as bait for conger.”

The nonchalant manner in which this information was given quite dispelled our fears, and we never bestowed another thought on our *bête noire*. Nor did we ever catch a view of him. At the same time the fishermen unconsciously confirmed Hugo's theory respecting the ultimate disposal of all animal matter — namely, that each creature ends by being

buried in another creature—and prolonged his chain. In “*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*” the crabs ate the man, and the pieuvre ate the crabs. Here the conger eats the pieuvre, man eats the conger; and so the world goes round.

For the sportsman the island may be said to possess no charm beyond the fishing aforesaid. There are a certain number of rabbits, but no other game, save an occasional snipe or woodcock in the winter; and I absolutely decline to recognize the shooting of sea-birds as coming within the category of sport. Fortunately for our peace of mind, the sea-fowler did not put in an appearance during our stay. The dimensions of the island preclude the possibility of the chase—it would get rather monotonous if you ran over the edge every ten minutes—and there are no inland streams wherein the “gentle craftsman” might find occupation. Golf seems feasible, but we trust that no fanatic will take our word for this, as we are sublimely ignorant of the merest rudiments of that entrancing sport.

Perhaps, after all, the chief charm of Sark is its solitude. The nooks and crannies are so plentiful that, although steamer loads of “day trippers” were daily precipitated on the island—four hundred on Bank Holiday alone—and though there were many, like ourselves, resident for long periods, we never seemed to see any one but an occasional native, who bade us a kindly good-day. Of course, if we had stuck to the beaten tracks, it would have been far otherwise—but the stock sights which compose the regulation daily round are few in number and can be easily avoided. Were the “member for Boreham” himself on these shores (which he is not likely to be, for there are very few people to talk to, and nothing to talk about) we fancy we could evade him without difficulty from one week’s end to another. This piece of advice we offer to “those about to marry”—go to Sark for your honeymoon—that is to say, if you love each other as much as you ought; otherwise the consequences would be too awful to contemplate.

Talking of the daily tripper, we should be glad if any mental anatomist would inform us why, even after a couple of days’ sojourn in the island, we came to regard him with lofty contempt, not unmingled with pity. “Poor beggar! he is only a tripper,”—as if we ourselves were not tarred with the same brush! The case of the haughty Norman noble and the pushing *parvenu* intruder occurs to us, but it

does not seem precisely similar. We should like to know if the darkest denizen of darkest Africa experiences a similar sensation when he first catches sight of Stanley.

To the student of politics Sark presents an object of the deepest interest, as it has none whatever. That at least is our impression. We know that there is a seigneur, whose power is mysterious and awful. This power dates, as we are reminded by a marble slab when we sit in church on Sundays from “*Helier de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen coloniser and 1st Seigneur of Sark, A.D. 1565*,” and this is further verified by the cannon which still reposes in front of the *Seigneurie*—a present from the Virgin Queen; we are further assured that Sark contains the only vestiges of the feudal system now existent in the British dominions, but all that we know definitely of the present ruler is that he is so kind as to throw open his pretty grounds to the public twice a week.

We also have dim cognizance of a court of “*Chef Pleas*,” which, we understand, meets in the boys’ school, and there transacts the business of the realm. If the boys do not make it warm for the legislators, hereditary, elected, or otherwise, with cobbler’s wax and sundry other devices known only to the boyish mind, they must be very different from all other boys whom we have experienced.

We believe the Statute Book to be composed of two laws:—

1. No fire to be lighted on the island without the seigneur’s permission—under penalty.

2. No wall to be broken down—also under penalty.

And we are confirmed in this belief by the fact that the gaol is constructed to hold two prisoners, which is obviously so provided to meet the horrible contingency of a simultaneous infraction of both laws.

The majesty of the law is represented by two *connetables*, one of whom accompanied us in our fishing expeditions, not in his official but in his sporting capacity, and an A I sportsman he is. He seems to be the general factotum of the island, and, in addition to his constabulary function, we entertain no shadow of doubt that he is lord mayor, lord chief justice, commander-in-chief, and first lord of everything.

Under these auspicious circumstances there appears to be a total absence of party feeling; and yet the lot of the six

hundred islanders is not, so far as the casual observer can judge, unhappy.

From an historical point of view, Sark has had a chequered career. To say nothing of the period antecedent to the Christian era, the monks appear to have settled here in the sixth century, and to have remained for eight hundred years. Since the Norman Conquest, when it became what Mr. Nupkins would call "one of the brightest jewels of the British crown," it has been occupied by the monks aforesaid, it has been captured by the French, and recaptured for us by Flemings, it has from time to time been left derelict, and has for many years held the undesirable position of a "dissolute island." At length, in the sixteenth century, as we have seen, the valiant and far-seeing Jerseyman, De Carteret, decided to try his hand at bringing this patch of land within the margin of cultivation. He obtained a grant of the island from the crown at a nominal rent, and set to work clearing, planting, road-making, and otherwise inaugurating the civilization which has endured to the present day. His descendants held sway there for considerably more than a century, and still exist in the island, but the sovereignty has passed from them, and the seigneurs of later days have acquired their kingdom by purchase.

Since De Carteret's advent, the history of Sark bears the humdrum aspect which usually attaches to quiet prosperity, save in the period of the Civil Wars, when it was twice taken by the Parliamentary forces, and finally "compounded for" by the seigneur during the Commonwealth.

A tale of one of its many captures in the Middle Ages is worthy of record. In those days the few natives seem to have carried on the trade of "wrecking" with great advantage to themselves, and to the terror of the seas in general. One day an English vessel from Rye in Hampshire appeared in the offing, the crew of which asked and obtained permission of the islanders to land for the purpose of burying the body of their captain, on the condition that they should land unarmed. A picked body of navigators accordingly brought a coffin on shore filled, not with a "demd unpleasant body," but with arms, which they placed in the chapel, and having accoutred themselves, sallied forth to find that the greater part of the guileless Sarkese had, meanwhile, boarded their vessel with a view to plunder. This rendered their task of slaughtering the remaining inhabitants (women and children for the most part) an easy one, while the

rest of the crew, who were "lying low" on board, performed a like kind office for the unwary boarders. It was quite a case of

Scrag Jane while I spificate Johnny,

and as good an example of diamond cut diamond as the pages of history present.

There was a silver fever in Sark fifty years ago, and the fortune of the island was assured by the enthusiast. Lodes were discovered, shafts were bored, companies formed, machinery imported; but alas! the expectations of the speculators were doomed to disappointment; after ten years, or thereabouts, it was found that there, as elsewhere, "mines don't pay," and ruined chimneys and other ghost-like paraphernalia alone remain to remind us of the bright hopes which were raised and the capital which was sunk in little Sark during the "forties."

Sark agriculture is of a somewhat primitive nature. Small crops of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes are visible wherever nature has clothed the rocks with more soil than will suffice to grow the all-pervading gorse and heather. There is an unlimited supply of seaweed manure to hand, but whether it is utilized as fully as it might be, this deponent sayeth not. There is no lack of cows, Alderney and otherwise, whose grazing is regulated on the most economical principles, as they are invariably tethered, even in the best pastures, and seem not infrequently to get a fair proportion of their nutriment from the roadsides. The sheep which pick up a scanty subsistence on the cliffs are as wild and wiry as the antelope of the desert; so much so that there is nothing very improbable in the current "yarn" that the usual method of acquiring them is by means of a rifle bullet.

The ordinary adjuncts of the fashionable seaside resort are here entirely wanting. The strains of the barrel-organ; the harmonious shout of the negro as he "walks round;" the clatter of the cavalcade of hacks at half-a-crown per hour; the German band; the ventriloquist; the Punch and Judy; the itinerant preacher; the raucous vender of small commodities—all things that can "vex the soul" are non-existent and unheard-of in this enchanted island. "Peace with Fresh Air" might be its motto. The only possible trial here would be a prolonged spell of rain, and that, we are assured, is practically unknown. Our experience during a three weeks' stay, which were three weeks of pretty continuous rain in En-

gland, tends to confirm this. Although we occasionally saw storms around us in the offing, our sky remained propitious, and a couple of short but sharp thunderstorms practically represented our share of the deluge.

Our time, alas, drew to a close, our idyll was ended. We were due elsewhere, and we reluctantly steamed away, echoing Clough's line:—

Therefore farewell! We depart but to behold
thee again—

at least I hope so.

C. W. KENNEDY.

From Chambers' Journal.
WINTER IN KIEFF.

AMONG our countrymen at home the idea prevails that a Russian winter is one of the most terrible experiences any one can undergo. We must confess that on our arrival in Kieff, during the early autumn, we looked forward with anything but great pleasure to the coming season. Visions of long, dreary months, perhaps of being frozen or snowed up, of a few encounters with hungry wolves, and other instances of a like agreeable nature, floated before our prejudiced eyes. But the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction" in this case was reversed. The fiction was a good deal stranger than the truth.

In this quarter of the "Great Muscovite Empire" the winter does not last for more than at the most five months. The horribly unpleasant, dirty, wet, cold-catching transition period following autumn, with which we all are so familiar at home, is unknown here. Just imagine no fogs, no dark, chilly days, no debating as to the suitability of lighting fires or not; the splendid heat of the "Indian summer" changed almost instantaneously to the bright, dry cold of what we are accustomed to speak of as "ideal Christmas weather."

Directly the first signs of the approaching hard season appear, precautions are taken to guard against its severity. Every house, great and small, is provided with double windows, which can be removed in the spring, and again replaced for the winter. Once more in their frames, they are then entirely closed, with the exception of a small pane at the top, for the purpose of ventilation, and pasted all round with slips of white paper, the open

space between the outer and inner glass being filled at the bottom with cotton-wool. In the ornamentation of this last, the inmates of the various dwellings give great scope to their imaginations. The favorite arrangement is to strew it with little pieces of different colored wools; a less frequent way is to place tiny mounds of salt at equal distances upon it. In our house, our ideas of beauty, not reaching this high artistic level, hindered us from using either of these methods of adornment, thereby causing great vexation of spirit to the Russian servant, who evidently feared that his master's credit would be considerably lessened in the eyes of the world.

The interior of the house is extremely well warmed. Each room has two stoves, which are built into the walls, and so effect the purpose of heating two apartments at the same time. Coal is an unknown article. Great logs of wood, brought from the huge pine forests which cover the immense plains, are exclusively used, each householder taking care during the summer months to stack a sufficient quantity in his courtyard for winter consumption.

In consequence of these precautions, one does not feel the cold nearly so much indoors as in England; and it is possible to wear the lightest clothing without the slightest inconvenience. Outside, of course, it is different. Then can be seen the long mantles reaching to the feet, lined with rich fur, chiefly sable. The deep collars to match, as broad as the wearer's shoulders, are so arranged, in the case of the male sex, as to be capable of being pulled up completely round and high above the ears, forming a necessary protection against the sometimes strong east wind and driving snowstorm. But when the snowstorms have ceased, when the wind has lulled, then comes the most delightful period of the winter, often lasting for weeks together without a break.

As a rule, skating and all the more active recreations are discarded by the rather indolent, ease-loving inhabitants of Little Russia. The principal amusement is sledging. Those who have no practical experience of it can have no idea of the exhilarating sensation a sledge-drive produces. My first acquaintance with this delightful pastime is made upon a lovely morning in January. We—that is, myself and three friends—start from the summit of one of the many hills upon which Kieff stands. Our sledge, drawn by a pair of the strong black native horses, skims swiftly and lightly over the frozen

ground. Such a day as is seldom seen elsewhere, not a cloud discernible in the deep blue sky, every object far and wide wrapped in a pure white mantle. The long, straight street which forms the centre of the aristocratic quarter presents a gay and animated scene. Sledges of all sorts and conditions continually cross and recross ours. This one, tearing along at such a terrific speed, belongs to the highest personage in the town, the governor-general. It is of middle size, constructed to hold two persons. At the back is a tiny platform or step, upon which the servant, in his bright red cloak and white fur collar and cap, stands. A rather precarious position it seems, to look at. The horses are covered with what is called a "snow-cloth," which is fastened to the bottom of the sledge, and from thence to the necks of the animals. This covering, which resembles a large colored net, is used to prevent the snow which is kicked up by the horses' hoofs from being thrown into the faces of the occupants of the vehicle. Kieff possesses neither trams nor omnibuses. All the traffic is carried on by means of little open *droskies*, a kind of cab, which has a pleasant and peculiar faculty for jolting and almost shaking the unfortunate traveller to pieces. These are replaced in winter by small sledges, very low, and not boasting much in the way of cleanliness. Our driver as he dashes along looks somewhat disdainfully upon his humbler brethren, not but what I have seen some of them compete in speed with their more imposing companions, especially if a customer is in view and the object of two rivals is to reach the spot where he stands first. Then the race to secure the coveted prize is often really alarming.

These modest conveyances, constructed entirely of wood, belong to peasants. They are certainly very simply put together, and with much more regard to practical use than to elegance. The greater part of the trappings and harness consists of rope, leather being little used. Rising high above the collar of the horse is the *duga*, which looks something like an immense crooked horseshoe, and connects the two ends of the shafts together. For all heavy loads, such as hay, wood, etc., oxen are substituted for the horses. One may often see eight or nine of these primitive sledges standing before a yard door, waiting to be unloaded. The patient animals, seemingly impervious to the intense cold, will stand for hours, never attempting to move, content if they can seize the opportunity

to surreptitiously extract a wisp of straw or hay from the stack in front of them. Here are some vehicles wending their way slowly towards the market. The owners and several members of their families recline at ease among their goods, well protected against the weather by their rough sheepskins, apparently not much changed since their first wearers grazed in happy ignorance upon some grassy slope of the steppe.

The pedestrians present as much variety as do the vehicles. I wonder what my fair readers would say to the outdoor costume of their Russian sisters; their immensely wide mantles allowing not even a hand to be seen, their heads enveloped in large shawls, placed over their hats, or more commonly, round fur caps, and tied under the chin. But custom is everything; and these two officers in their long, grey cloaks, evidently see nothing amiss, but rather something quite the contrary, in the appearance of the two ladies with whom they are chatting so gaily.

Vanity is said to be an essential element in the feminine character, but it is a question whether it can find any place in that of the female peasants. Their winter dress consists of a somewhat shorter edition of the sheepskin coats worn by their male relations. The red homespun cotton skirt, beneath which peep the ends of the embroidered chemise, barely reaches below the knees, and is met by strong, high boots, which do not differ in the slightest degree from those of the men, except perhaps in the color, the gentler sex giving the preference often either to bright red or even white leather. And these boots are a necessity, for, beside their household duties, the women must take a considerable share in the field-labors, the fond but practical lover very often choosing the object of his devotion not for her fair face but for her strong arms. The good housewife, too, will frequently tramp many miles, in order to bring the produce of her little farm or garden to the market of the nearest town. Look at these girls who are just passing us, their open baskets slung over their shoulders by means of a wooden yoke. The live feathered occupants of these baskets, contrary to the usual habits of their species in other parts of Europe, lie as quietly as if they possessed no such power as flying, a fact which caused me no little astonishment until I learned that they are all tied together by the legs and wings, thus rendering escape impossible. This milk seller, it seems, has already

finished her day's work, for her empty earthenware pots swing carelessly from the long pole which she holds with one hand over the right shoulder.

Now our sledge must move aside to make room for a party of soldiers in their dull uniforms and *bashlyks*, a kind of cloth hood to protect the ears, not only worn by the military, but also by schoolboys, policemen, and even occasionally by ladies.

But I have omitted to mention one of the most prominent as well as most unsavory features of the street-life—I mean the beggars. There they sit and stand, no matter how severe the cold is. Nowhere can one escape them. Their profession is exceedingly lucrative, for all good orthodox Russians consider almsgiving as a religious duty, and practise it without any regard to the wisdom or not of supporting and encouraging a large class of often utterly idle and worthless vagrants.

By this time we have turned the corner, and a charming view is before us, decidedly more Oriental in appearance than European. Kieff is situated upon a range of hills, rising abruptly from a great plain. Essentially a city of churches, Kieff is known as the "Holy city upon the Dnieper," and boasts of being the most ancient religious metropolis of Russia, and the first spot from which Christianity was preached to the rude tribes then inhabiting the land. Thousands of pilgrims visit the celebrated monastery, whose dazzling cupolas and tall towers we see standing out against the blue sky. Upon the opposite hill, high above the low, green-roofed houses, towers the cathedral, the golden dome glittering in the morning light. To the left we just catch a glimpse of the red buildings of the university; to the right is the broad summer promenade upon the cliffs overhanging the river. And above all, and more than all, in the valleys and on the hills shine the silver, gold, red, and blue cupolas of the many churches, giving a peculiarly picturesque appearance to the whole scene. Close at hand is the Imperial Garden, a garden in name, but partaking much more of the character of a small wood, and what a delicious wood now! Not a bare branch is to be seen. The keen hoar-frost causes the trees in their silver sheen to sparkle like diamonds in the rays of the glorious sun. The snow upon the uppermost boughs, which has thawed in his genial glow, now hangs in tiny icicles from each little twig. Not a trace of brown earth, not a footstep.

But any one who imagines that here is

a splendid opportunity for the time-honored game of snow-balling makes a grand mistake. I thought so, too, once, and tried the experiment, and so discovered my error. The snow is far too dry, and has a distinct quality of its own, being much more like salt than anything else. When on any high ledge exposed to the wind, it forms into the prettiest little silver feathers imaginable.

But our driver cracks his whip, and we soon leave the gardens far behind us. Here we are already in front of the fortress, an ugly, useless building of wide extent. We rattle under the old gateway, and passing a small market or bazaar of very dingy aspect, we commence a rapid descent down the hill. Our man, in spite of all remonstrances, does not in the slightest degree slacken his speed, and we arrive at the bottom with a decided feeling of relief. Our rather alarming descent had prevented us from paying much attention to the wide prospect—the immense flat plain, stretching miles and miles away; the great frozen river, hardly to be distinguished from the equally frozen earth; the monotonous, leaden hue over all, only broken by the lines of dark pine forests in the distance.

But now the short winter day is waning, and we intimate by gestures to our *izvoshtchik*, or coachman, that it is time to turn back, but not by the same road. We are now passing under the high, overhanging cliffs, along the banks of the river, over which rough sledges heavily laden with ice, dug from the stream, are slowly making their way. This little chapel built into the wall, before which these peasants cross themselves so devoutly, contains some of the sacred *icons*, the very stiff, expressionless pictures so much venerated by the Greek Church.

But we are nearing the end of our drive, and are crossing the principal street, corresponding to the High Street of an English provincial town. The shops, though much admired by the townspeople, show little attractiveness, at least on the outside. Past the market, up the hill, and we are home. I regret that the red firelight does not welcome us, but the *samovar* (a sort of large tea-urn) is steaming on the table, and at least one gets good tea in this part of Europe.

The dogs are let loose; the *dvornik*, or house porter, whose duty it is to act as watchman, and who seems capable of enduring the most extreme cold, and will often lie down and sleep in the long winter nights when the thermometer is many de-

geese below zero, station himself outside, and the stillness of night seems to fall upon all. Hooray! what do we find waiting for us? The greatest event in the day has happened; the post has been, and brought us "letters from home."

From The Spectator.

MILITARY TACTICS OF ANIMALS.

THE training of dogs to act as messengers and sentries in war, reminds us that many animals are themselves in the habit of using methods and means to secure their own safety against surprise, or the success of attacks on the lives or property of others, which in some cases exhibit a high degree of military training and organization.

Regular sentries, duly relieved at intervals, are employed by so many of the gregarious quadrupeds and larger birds, that their use seems to be rather the rule than the exception. Chamois, wild sheep, ibex, and other mountain antelopes, as well as the guanacos of South America, always post a sentinel. So do seals when sleeping on the rocks; and the peccaries, the small, wild pigs of South America, which are fond of lying in the hollow trunks of fallen trees, are said to leave a guard at the entrance, whose place, if he be shot, is occupied almost mechanically by the next in order within the trunk. This instinct survives even with animals in captivity. When the prairie-dogs at the Zoo occupied a small paddock, instead of the den with earth-filled boxes which is now their home, they always kept a sentinel on duty, though he seldom uttered his warning whistle, having learnt, probably, that the visitors would not come inside the railings. The prairie-dogs at the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris observe the same precaution. Wild geese and wild swans take turns at "sentry-go," the former when feeding on land, the latter on the water. Of the former birds, St. John says: "They seem to act in so *organized* and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting as to defy all danger. When a flock of wild geese has fixed on a field of newly sown grain to feed in, before alighting they make numerous circling flights, and the least suspicious object prevents them from pitching. Supposing that all is right and they do alight, the whole flock for the space of a minute or two remains motionless, with erect head and neck, reconnoitring the country round. . . . They

now appear to have made up their minds that all is safe, and are content to leave one sentry, who either stands on some elevated part of the field, or walks slowly with the rest — never, however, venturing to pick up a single grain of corn, his whole energies being employed in watching." After describing the march of the geese across the field with "a firm, active, light-infantry step," St. John says: "When the sentry thinks that he has performed a fair share of duty, he gives the nearest bird to him a sharp peck. I have seen him sometimes pull out a bunch of feathers if the first hint is not immediately attended to, and at the same time uttering a querulous kind of cry." St. John was constantly baulked of a shot by these sentinel geese, and when stalking wild swans on a loch, he noticed that the whole flock would sometimes have their heads under water except a sentry, who was relieved from time to time. The Port Meadow geese near Oxford prefer to roost, except in floods, on a mud-bank in the river, where they are perfectly safe from attack. It is necessary that the sentry should be able to give a *signal* of danger which shall be universally understood, and it will be found that most of the animals named have a special alarm-note. Ibex, mountain sheep, and prairie-dogs whistle, elephants trumpet, wild geese and swans have a kind of bugle-call, rabbits stamp on the ground, sheep do the same, and wild ducks, as the writer noticed during the late frost, utter a very low, cautious quack to signal "The enemy in sight." Tactics of offence are rare among the larger gregarious animals. Deer, antelopes, sheep, and even wild horses are generally peaceable creatures, and if a dispute arises between two herds, the leaders fight a duel, and the conqueror annexes the rival's following. When Lady Florence Dixie's horses were attacked by a wild drove, the biggest of the tame animals fought the wild leader and was beaten. None of the others attempted resistance, and their owners could with difficulty prevent their being driven off by the conqueror. But horses have a natural taste for drill. The riderless chargers at Balaclava ranged themselves in line with the surviving troopers; and Byron's fine lines in "Mazeppa:" —

In one vast squadron they advance,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea.

They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,

do not seem to exaggerate the natural military instinct of the horse. The writer remembers to have read of a number of cavalry horses abandoned on the coast in a retreat, ranging themselves in squadrons and fighting a battle on the sands. The stories of their forming a ring to resist the attacks of wolves may be true; but it is difficult to find any reliable account of such combination. Indian wolves have been seen to leave some of their number in ambush at points on the edge of the jungle, while others drove in antelopes feeding in the open ground beyond. But wolves, as a rule, hunt alone or in families, except when pressed by hunger. Wild dogs, however, habitually combine to hunt; and Baldwin, in his "Game of Bengal," mentions a case of four or five martens hunting a fawn of the "muntjac," or barking deer. But in real military organization and strategy, monkeys are far ahead of all other animals, and notably the different kinds of baboon. Mansfield Parkins gives an excellent account of the tactics of the dog-faced Hamadryads, that lived in large colonies in the cracks in the cliffs of the Abyssinian Mountains. These creatures used occasionally to plan a foraging expedition into the plain below, and the order of attack was most carefully organized, the old males marching in front and on the flanks with a few to close up the rear and keep the rest in order. They had a code of signals, halting or advancing according to the barks of the scouts. When they reached the corn-fields, the main body plundered while the old males watched on all sides, but took nothing for themselves. The others stowed the corn in their cheek-pouches and under their armpits. They are also said to dig wells with their hands, and work in relays. The Gelada baboons sometimes have battles with the Hamadryads, especially when the two species have a mind to rob the same field, and if fighting in the hills, will roll stones on to their enemies. Not long ago, a colony of Gelada baboons, which had been fired at by some black soldiers attending a Duke of Coburg-Gotha on a hunting expedition on the borders of Abyssinia, blocked a pass for some days by rolling rocks on all comers. This seems to give some support to a curious objection raised by a Chinese local governor in a report to his superior on the difficulties in the way of opening to steamers the waters of the Upper Yangtze, which was quoted in the *Times*. The report, after noting that the inhabitants on the upper waters were ignorant men who

might quarrel with strangers, went on to allege that monkeys inhabited the banks which would roll down stones on the steamers. "The two last facts," the report added, "would lead to complaint from the English, and embroil the Celestials with them, especially if the men or the monkeys kill any English."

The facility with which large herds of animals or flocks of birds travel for great distances in close array without crowding, confusion, or delay, has always struck the writer as the necessary result of some system and method well understood by them, though in many cases not yet ascertained by us. There are some exceptions to the general smoothness which marks the evolutions of these animal regiments and army corps; the blind rush of the migrating bison has been known to force thousands into the bottomless mud of American rivers, and the swarms of lemmings are said to march into the sea. But, as a rule, herds of antelopes, or deer, or even flocks of mountain-sheep, will travel for days without disaster, arriving simultaneously at the point desired, and "keeping distance," that great difficulty of the march throughout the journey. A large herd of deer will gather in column, or break into file, and disappear through a mountain-pass in less time than the same number of trained troopers would take to "form fours;" and a flock of half-wild sheep on a Yorkshire moor will assemble, descend into the valley, cross a river in single file, and form upon the opposite bank without a false movement by any one of their number. The military precision with which flocks of birds wheel or advance is even more remarkable, because, in the case of some birds at least, a regular geometrical formation is always observed. Wild geese, wild ducks, and their relations adopt the V formation; and not only adhere to this, with certain modifications to suit circumstances, but also to a regular scale of distances between the different birds in the flock, so closely, that we are forced to infer that they have some strong motive for observing such an order. The old-fashioned explanation, that by advancing in a wedge the front bird acted as a kind of pioneer, to break the force of the wind, is, however, probably the exact reverse of the truth. Wind, in moderation, is almost a necessity to the sustained flight of birds, and the probable object of the wedge-formation when advancing against the wind is, that each bird *avoids* the "wake" of its neighbor, while at the same time the flock has a leader. When the

wind blows on the side of the V, it has been noticed that one limb is generally much longer than the other, or that the birds forming one limb occupy positions which coincide with the spaces between the birds on the windward side, and are thus exposed to the wind-current. But often with a strong side-wind the wedge-formation is abandoned altogether, and the ducks fly in single file, though the "distances" are always accurately kept. If these distances could be measured, they would probably be found to bear some relation to the space required by the particular species to make a turn more or less complete, to either side. The sudden changes in the method of flight, from steady beats of the wing to gliding or sailing, which takes place with such wonderful uniformity of time and action in the flight of flocks of starlings or plovers, are probably due to corresponding changes in the force or direction of the wind, affecting simultaneously all the birds of the flock. But for determining the causes of these ordered changes in the aerial tactics of birds, a body of observation has yet to be obtained, for which London, with its parks and lakes and wild fowl, offers unusual facilities.

From The Graphic.

A YOUNG WIFE.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

IN precisely two hours from now, Marriot and his wife, who have been abroad for their honeymoon, are due at London Bridge Station, where I am to meet them. I have had the strangest letters from Marriot about his wife, who seems to have something on her mind, and though I cannot make out what the trouble is, I have decided to write an article about it before going to the station. I will not post the article until I have had a moment in private with Marriot, who may by this time have solved the mystery. If he has anything further to tell I will add it in pencil.

Some six weeks ago I was "best man" at their marriage in Edinburgh. Marriot is an old friend, but I had not met the lady before. She was pleasant and pretty, however, and I liked her. You may care to know that her age is twenty-one. I discovered this immediately after the ceremony, because in Scotland a bride and bridegroom have to sign their ages instead of, as in England, merely stating that they

are of full age. They seemed very devoted to each other. I cannot say that I noticed anything suspicious or wild about Mrs. Marriot. If she was agitated I put it down to natural causes. I have now reason to fear that I did not mark her sufficiently.

They went first to Paris. Perhaps a week had elapsed before Marriot wrote to me. It was a long letter, and I never read it through, as I happened to need a pipe-light just then, but what I glanced at showed me that he was ill at ease. "I love her more than ever," he wrote bravely, "though I evidently never knew her rightly until now. You who saw her bright and animated cannot guess how deep her feelings are. Last night we were at the theatre, and I noticed that she did not pay much attention to the acting. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears, and she asked me to take her back to the hotel. From some conversation I had with her I see that she did not catch a word of what the actors said. I entreated her to tell me of what she had been thinking so deeply, but she would not. She implored me never to question her on the subject, and her hands shook so that when I took hold of them mine shook too. It does seem a little odd, but women are such nervously fashioned creatures —" Then I lit my pipe.

Marriot's second letter came from Monte Carlo. "You will be surprised to see that we are here," he wrote. "I am surprised myself. I cannot understand Marian. She used to speak of gambling with abhorrence, yet it was she who dragged me here. I am very anxious about her. She pines for excitement, keeps me at the tables for hours, and is sometimes quite hysterical. Twenty times in a day she shows me that she is devotedly attached to me (unworthy though I am); then suddenly she seems to remember something, her face becomes white, and she draws back as if in presence of some nameless dread. More than once I have thought that she has begun to hate me; but —"

Then came a letter from Naples. "Why do you not answer my letters? The plain truth is that this secret of Marian's (for there is no doubt that she has a terrible secret) is becoming a wall between us. She is rushing me over the Continent, as if unable to rest anywhere. Is it possible that she is being pursued? She will tell me nothing. To-day I handed her a cheque for five hundred pounds, thinking that perhaps she had debts on her mind,

but this only seemed to add to her distress. 'Take it,' I said, 'as a spontaneous gift from your loving husband.' Her reply (it was almost a shriek) rings horribly in my ears. 'Husband!' she cried, 'how do you know that you are my husband?' 'You are my wife,' I answered in agony. 'Who can tell?' she said, and ran to her bedroom, where she locked herself in. I think I am going mad."

Next week their address was Rome. "I cannot give you an address," he wrote, "for we wander miserably and aimlessly. You remember my telling you she was thoroughly domesticated! I am now convinced that she loathes the very sight of me. My touch makes her shudder. A few days ago I told her that if she did not confess everything to me we should have to separate. A dreadful scene followed, which ended in my promising never to refer to her secret again. She admits, you see, that she has a secret. Perhaps I should not write of these matters to you, but I am heart-broken, and you are my only real friend. Surely you can clear this mystery up. I am too agitated to consider it calmly. I hope I have not led you to think that I have ceased to love her. There are still moments when I think she loves me. You write novels, don't you? If so, you must often have had occasion to

reflect upon the female character. I look to you for enlightenment."

Then this morning I had a telegram: "We arrive London Bridge to-night. Eight. Meet us. — MARRIOT."

In forty minutes I shall meet them if their train is up to time, and unless Mrs. Marriot has at the last moment decided to go to Moscow instead. But what to say to Marriot? I have fifty theories, as, for instance, that his emotional bride fell in love with the best man at the wedding. Yet this best man was very careful. Marriot asks my advice as a novelist. Well, such a situation is not uncommon in novels, and then the wife's secret is that she was married secretly years ago to a handsome villain. She thought him dead, but immediately after her second marriage he reappears to drive her distracted. Probably this is Mrs. Marriot's trouble. Poor Marriot, when I tell him my suspicions — But it is twenty to eight. I must be off to the station.

Just time to add in pencil that Marriot and his wife have arrived, both very happy. All is well. She has confessed. Her secret was that she had given her age as twenty-one, when she was really twenty-two. She feared that this had made their marriage illegal. How adorable women are.

A FIND OF OLD CHINA. — About one hundred and fifty years have now elapsed since the Swedish barque Göteborg, in full sail for Europe, encountered a heavy gale when nearing the coast of Sweden, struck upon a dangerous rock, foundered, and became a total wreck. She was the property of an association of merchants of Gothenburg, and was returning from China laden with a cargo of silk, silver, tea, and a great quantity of valuable articles of Chinese manufacture, including upwards of thirty thousand blue and white china bowls of different shapes and sizes. Some years ago attempts were made by divers to raise the cargo; and, after great difficulties, their arduous efforts were rewarded with success, and many thousands of unbroken china articles were brought to the surface, consisting principally of plates, teacups, and bowls of various designs and qualities. A small quantity of silver plate was also discovered, which was evidently intended for the royal family of Sweden, as it was embellished with the monogram of Frederick I. A great number of the teacups were particularly fine and elegantly shaped, being almost equal to glass in transparency. It had, no doubt, been intending to

smuggle in a portion of the pottery and silver ware, as the divers found that many hundreds of these articles were carefully hidden away in the hold of the vessel. There is even a tradition in the neighborhood that the Göteborg was purposely run aground by the officers and crew; and it is believed that many valuables were removed from the ship soon after she struck upon the rock. The bulk of the cargo was, however, ultimately brought to England and the market literally flooded with these blue and white bowls. It was at this time that the rage for old and Oriental china was at its height. Considerable excitement was created by the strange discovery of these thousands of curious bowls; and the interest attaching to the fact of their having remained for so many years beneath the sea, together with the dangers and difficulties which attended their recovery, caused them at first to realize high prices as curiosities. Unfortunately, however, for the promoters of the scheme, the craze which was then at its zenith, commenced to decline rapidly, and the financial result of the enterprise proved so disastrous that the company which made the explorations was thrown into liquidation. Chambers' Journal.